The Newspaper That Goes Home and Stays

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

THE WEATHER
Fair tonight and Wednes... tonight. Probably frost ... place

Volume X — CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1915. — NUM.

COMPLETE ELECTION RETURNS AT THE PROGRESS OFFICE TONIGHT

Through the courtesy of the H. & C. Telephone Company, The Progress will receive complete returns of the Primaries from every precinct in the county this evening. The Progress Office will be the Official Headquarters for the reception of returns, and no returns will be received at the office of the county commissioners, or elsewhere as heretofore.

For the accomodation of all who wish to receive the returns, it has been arranged to flash each message on a screen in front of the Progress Office. This will be done with a Stereopticon machine, and will make it possible to give the news to several hundred people at once. Please do not ask for the returns by 'phone. Come down town.

One Voter In Three A Candidate In The Primaries of Today

Seven Thousand Men Running for County and Borough Offices on Tickets of Only Three Parties

HEAVY VOTE PREDICTED FOR THE DAY

One out of every three voters in Clearfield county is running for office today, according to the records in the office of the county commissioners, there being over 7000 candidates for county and borough offices out of a total registration of approximately 21,000 voters of all parties.

One out of every fourteen people you meet today, men, women and children, is on a ticket ,and most of them are and have been doing some electioneering.

These candidates represent three parties only, the Republican, Democratic and Prohibitionist, the Socialists and Washington parties not having a ticket in the field.

Some statician may figure it out that had all the parties put tickets in the field, the primaries would result in a stalemate, each man voting for himself.

Cool weather, with overcast skies, according to the experts, ideal weather to bring out an unusualy large vote, was reported from all over the county this morning.

In Clearfield precincts, as well as in nearby voting places, the morning vote was unusually heavy, preasging a big tournout of both Republican and Democratic voters before the polls close this evening.

In the Clearfield precincts the division between the two major parties showe da greater number of Republicans than Democrats.

Contrary to the threats of the Democrats, there was no challenging of former Washington party members who regisetred this year as Republicans. They were allowed to vote the Republican ticket without question in all the precincts heard from, and politicans here were doubtful if they would meet with a chailenge in any part of the county.

Much interest is being shown in The Progress' plans to receive the returns tonight and flash them on a screen in front of the office. The screen will be spread between the two lighting standards on the edge of the sidewalk, an dthe returns shown on it from a window of the office, making it possible for people to see them from every angle.

Prognosticators were busy this morning picking the winners in the long list of entries. There are just thirty two candidates for the two vacancies on the county commission, and the dopesters were confident that just thirty two men would win out in the primaries.

In the race for the Republican nomination for county treasurer advance reports indicate that the fight was between Amos Rumberger, of Houtzdale, and Al Kline, of Clearfield, both of whom are making a strong bid.

James D. Connelly is the only man who has a steel riveted cinch on the nomination. He is running for the nomination for prothonotary on the Democratic ticket, without opposition.

Roumanian Capital Excited as Germans Move Toward Border

Kaisers Troops Now Facing Serbian And Roumanian Frontiers, Ready To Strike At Both Nations

TURKS SENDING MORE MEN TO BOSPHORUS

[illegible] ... Sept. 21.—The German an[illegible] ... large bo[illegible] ... troops were transfe[illegible] ... Hungary last week and ... near Temesvar ... of both ... frontiers. The ... Berlin ... Serbian border ... Depat ... yesterday ... the Aus... ...ro-Roumanian border is not been ...ened. The greatest military activity since the beginning of the war is reported ... and Athens. Bulgarian ... through their ... [illegible]

... seats for any who wish to listen to the music.

PROMINENT BROOKVILLE WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

Miss Bertha Richards Swallows Seven Tablets of Bichloride of Mercury

Miss Bertha Richards, daughter of Walter Richards, a prominent Hardware merchant of Brookville, committed suicide ... swallowing ... bichloride of mercury tablets. Miss Richards was suffering from a nervous breakdown which is the only reason known for the act. She lived alone in the Richards homestead since the death of her mother some time ago.

ARMIES STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH IN SHADOW OF ARARAT

Golden Plains at Foot of Noah's Landing Place Drenched With Blood of Men

Turks and Russians Sway Back and Forth in Bitter Struggle Along the Frontier Lines Near Mount.

Washington, Sept. 21.—"Mount Ararat, where there has hardly been a moment's peace since Noah and his Ark grounded upon its massive shoulder, is at present the huge, troubled boundary mark between the Ottoman Empire and Russia, and under the shadows of the historic peak the fighting lines of Osmanli and Russian have been swaying back and forth, never far beyond the lines of the frontier," begins the bulletin issued today by the National Geographic Society. "Ararat is the hub of Armenia, of the original home of the Haik people. It is also the center of what has ever been the most troubled area on earth. Tribes of Europe and of Asia have fought each other here from the dawn of history ,and the remnants from the battles have settled as neighbors, hating, despoiling, massacring one another. Caucasian history has always been of blood and destruction, of savagery and sudden death, of blackest treachery and heartless cruelty—a book whose page is written full of killings and desolations. Dramatic horror has ever stalked around Ararat's broad base, and the border warfare now in progress forms no hiatus in the land's normal life.

"Aararat is one of the most impressive of earth's mountain's, for it rises sheer to the clouds out of an immense plain, with no neighboring peaks to soften its isolation and to take from its majesty. A mighty Mount Everest is set well within a massive, skytouching range of mountains; Mount Blanc is merely one of several imposing fellows, but Ararat stands up, with only a background of sky and plain and a frame of little mountains, a splendid thing without a peer. The dominant mountain is split into two peaks, Great and Little Ararat. Great Ararat rises to a height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Little Ararat, where the boundaries of the Ottoman Empire, of Russia and of Persia meet, reaches an altitude of 12,840 feet. Though the snowline here is very high—14.000 feet—the dome of Great Ararat is covered with glittering fields of unbroken white. Pastures begin little below the snowline, and, below the pastures runs a belt of for the most part sterile land. Purplish-blue Ararat rests its foot in a golden plain, a plain of golden sands, splashed with vivid greens and reds, which summers like a Persian carpet.

"A vast wealth of legend surrounds the mountain, which has always deeply impressed the imaginations of the peoples who have wandered, passed or settled beneath it. The Armenian priests long believed that the wonderful mysteries of its summit might never be surveyed by human eyes, and all thought of sealing Ararat was considered almost in the light of sacrilege. The Armenians have also held that they are the first people after the flood, the immediate descendants of Noah, so to speak; for the first village that Noah founded after abandoning the Ark was Nakhitchevan, so Armenian thinks, that his people were the first race of men to grow up in the world after the flood.

"The name Ararat means 'high' The Persian name for the mountain, Koh-i-Nuh, means 'Noah's mountain' It has been determined by the natives that the Garden of Eden was placed in the valley of the Araxes, a valley which at the present time enjoys blessing that go far toward strengthening its wonderful claim. Noah's wife was buried in this valley near the mountain, and grapes are still grown there, whose vines are the direct descendants of vines planted by Noah.

"Ararat was first ... by ... German, Parrot in 1829. The success of his undertaking is said to have given a rude shock to the Armenian churchmen, who strongly advised against the prying into the sacred mountain's summit secrets. The climb has been made by quite a number of high tourists' since. among them being Mr. James Bryce, the noted British diplomat. The ascent is said to be an easy one for the experienced mountaineer."

Subscribe for The Progress.

MINE BOSS AT COALPORT SHOT BY DRUNKEN MAN

Mike Detronyak of Sunshine Mines, is In Serious Condition

Mike Detronyak, second mine boss at the Sunshine mine near Coalport, was shot and seriously injured by John Noversk, who made good his escape.

According to reports from Coalport, Noversk had been drinking heavily for several days, and was under the influence of liquor at the time of the shooting. No motive for the act is known ,but it is supposed that he became involved in an altercation with the mine boss over some imaginary grudge.

Dteronyak is in a serious condition, and it is feared that his wound may prove fatal.

The Coalport authorities have notified the police all over the county of the shooting, and Noversk's apprehension is probably before he can leave the district.

HEAVYWEIGHTS TO MIX IT AT EARLY DATE, IS RUMOR

Willard willing, and Coffee and Moran Seem Probable Candidates for Belt

Neither of Them Will Have Much Chance With the Big Kansan, but Fight May be Arranged.

BY GEORGE R. HOLMES
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

New York ,Sejt. 21—A heavyweight championship battle is in the offering. The recent assertions of Tim Jones, manager of Jess Willard, that his charge was ready to meet any heavy in the world provided a sufficiently large purse, and a suitable place for the battle, could ... arranged, was the first feeler. T... ... ond was the matching of Frank Moran, the Pittsburg heavy, who recently returned from Paris and Jim Coffey, the Irish mastadon, to do battle for ten rounds, at the garden on Oct. 19.

There isnt a whole lot of question any more that these two men are the most eligible to meet the big Kansan, Coffee. bceause of his size, gets a bid, and oran has to be considered because he once gave Johnson a tough fight and because he is right now in his prime. Whether either of the men are capable of making things interesting for Willard is a matter that has as many sides as the who-started-the-war wheeze.

Moran is cleverer with his two fists that Willard, a fact generally admitted. But so was Jack Johnson, Moran is handicapped by a comparatively short stature—at least compared with the Giant Willard, and also he is outweighed by about 25 pounds, a monumental handicap in a long fight. Moran beat Dombardier Wells, a man who while not a champion, was considered one of the best in the division a few years ago. And Wells is no dwarf. Willard adherents claim that Jess would hold Moran off with his left arm and kill him with his right, which is hooted at by Moran supporters. One thing certain, however, he ever foughet in his life to whip the he ever fought in his life to whip thee champion.

Coffey's size is his chief claim to fame. There, at least, he would be Willard's equal. or nearly so. And the big Irishman has improved all around in the last year.

The match at the Garden between this pair should be a bird. Each has something to fight for—a chance at the title if he wins. and that should be incentive enough to make 'em battle their heads off. Coffey's size is offset somewhat by Moran's cleverness so there won't be any great advantage either way.

ITALIAN CHAPLAIN FIGHTS IN TRENCH WITH HIS CHARGE

Sings Them to Victory, and is Killed By Austrian Bullet As He Utters Prayer

Giennuzzi Bids Fair to Become One of Italy's Immortals When the Great War is Over.

BY ALICE ROHE
United Press Staff Correspondent

Rome, Aug. 25: (by mail) —"The singing chaplain of Kingdom come" they called him up in the blood dreched valley of the Isonzo. For when the Austrian bullets were shrieking past and the shrapnel was tearing human lives into shreds and bombs were making a writhing hell of that mountain paradise, the little Chaplain or Castellano was calling to the men who were fighting to think of the Greater Kingdom of Italy and to the men who were falling to think of the still Greater Kingdom to com.e

In between battles the little priest from Castellano, who was one of the first to offer his services as an army chaplain, used to sing as the bersaglieri and the other soldiers had never heard singing. Sometimes his eyes grew dim as he thought of his parish in Castellano and his singing school founded in honor of the great Vatican music master Perosi, where he taught the boys of Castellano to sing the beautiful church music. Pieworshipped. Giannuzzi was one of the —— rgeiment left behind him one of the accomplished ambitions of his life a real singing school, when he marched away for the war. But when he saw the stars upon his arm he said he had done a bigger thing, he had seen a great bond woven between the country he loved and the church he worshipped. Giennuzzi was one of those brave priests who had suffered long when dissensions between church and state made the duty of Italian clergy obscure. When he marched to war he typified the spirit of religious Italy, bound to the church but bound to the Patria by blood ties.

All the soldiers loved this brave little chaplain who was always there to give the saving rites to the soldiers who fell.

The first Sunday that Giannuzzi celebrated mass on the battlefield and on "redeemed" Italian soil, before one of the portable army altars supplied Italy by the Pope, when he saw the Italian soldiers gather round worshipping the church and state in one, as he said, his prayer had been answered. Then he hurried away to help some poor fellow cross the divide into Kingdom come.

"Don't be afraid of Austrian bullets —think of Kingdom come," he cried while the officers endeavored to dissuade him from taking so many chances.

But the army chaplain whose thoughts are of his country and of his religion finds his place beside the men who are falling. And Giannuzzi was always near the front.

"They wouldn't kill a priest" gasped a young soldier from Tivolli, his lung pierced by an Austrian bullet. The chaplain was bending over him and the last rites of the church were being given the dying boy when a bullet flying true and certain struck him. He died there on the battlefield with the sacred words of the church on his lips—the first Italian army chaplain to fall.

HOSPITAL BRIDGE CLUB TO MEET AGAIN TMOORROW

Has Had Success During Season in Effort to Raise Funds for Hospital

The Hospital Bridge club which has been held once every two weeks at the homes of the ladies who have been willing to give their houses for the purpose of raising enough money for purchasing and operating an x-ray machine has met with much success. The meeting will be held at the home of M.rs B. M. Fast tomorrow and the ladies would like a full attendance. The jitney will leave the court house at 2.10 .

A. B. Shaw Is Called To Last Reward at Early Hour Today

Old and Respected Citizen Passes Away Peacefully At Home On West Front Street at 8:00 A. M.

CAME SUDDENLY FROM HEART FAILURE

A. B. Shaw, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Clearfield county, died at an early hour this morning at his home on Front street aged 85 years. Heart failure was the cause of his death. His body was found by his daughter, Miss Clara Shaw, when she went into the library to call her father to breakfast. He was sitting upright in his chair, with his head inclined forward, as if asleep.

Mr. Shaw was apparently in good health yesterday, when he attended to his business as usual. Rising this morning about 7:30 he opened the windows of the house and went to the library to await breakfast. He had not been gone more than ten minutes before his daughter went to the libary to call him. As he did not answer she went in and found him sitting on a rocking chair as if asleep. She discovered that he was dead and summoned Dr. Piper. After an examination it was announced that he died of heart trouble and had not been dead more than two minutes before he was found.

Mr .Shaw was the son of the late Hon. Richard Shaw, at one time associate judge of Clearfield county. He was born in Clearfield county November 12, 1830. He received his education in the district schools and the Clearfield Academy, after which he became a clerk in his father's store and later interested in the lumber business with his father. In 18[illegible] he opened up a general lumber and mercantile business in Shawville, in which business he continued for 22 years, returning to Clearfield in 1875. He soon became interested in the coal business and up to the time of his death was one of the largest individual coal land owners in the county.

In 1877 Mr. Shaw was elected to succeed his father on the board of directors of the County National bank, and in 1882 was elected vice president of the bank, which position he held up to the time of his death.

Mr. Shaw was united in marriage to Miss Agnes Aurand in 18[illegible] to which union were born 11 children, 10 surviving him. His wife died in 1903 and his daughter Gussie E. in infancy. He is survived by Mrs. J. R. Nevling, Mrs. Jean Bailey, Mrs. H. B. Fulford, Mrs. Frank Leipold, Charles M., and Clara W. Shaw, all of Clearfield and Mrs. Charles Denne of Philadelphia, Edgar and Calvin B., of Shawville ,and Mrs. William P. Kelley, of Pittsburg.

Mr. Shaw was a life long member of the Methodist Episcopal church.

At a special meeting of the directors of the County National bank this morning a committee on resolutions wa sappointed, the report of which will be made at a later date.

Announcements of the funeral services have not been made public but will be published in tomorrow's paper.

Germany Wants Flag Painted Larger On All Neutral Ships

Bernstorff Asks State Department to Make Wishes Known to Shipping Men-- Now Obscure to Submarine

GERMANS BEGIN BATTLE FOR DVINSK

(By United Press)

Washington, Sept. 21.— Germany today advised American ship owners to paint bigger American flags on ships that traverse the war zone. The advice was communicated by Ambassador Bernstorff to the state department which issued this statement: "The department is in receipt of a communication from the German ambassador to the effect that he has been advised by his government that the merchant vessels which desire to show their neutral allegiance by painting their national colors on the side often make the mistake by having these distinguishing signs so small they cannot be made out from a distance. The German government suggests therefore, that the matter be brought to the attention of the American ship owners in their own interest.'

DVINSK ATTACKED

Berlin ,Sept. 21.—The outer defenses of Dvinsk blocking the road to Petrograd have been under heavy attack by German artillery for more than 36 hours. The civil population is evacuating the city. The battle for the Dvinsk bridge here is about to begin. Only meagre dispatches have been received here regarding the fighting southeast of Vilna. The Russians in the region east of ... attempting to check ... troops. It is admitted that the German progress has been somewhat delayed by repeated Russian counter attacks delivered with great vigor.

MRS. McCOY DIED

Mrs. J. C. McCoy, formerly of Clearfield, died at her home in St. Marys yesterday afternoon at 3:30 from a complication of diseases. The deceased was 45 years old, being born at Osceola Mills, Oct. 13, 1870. The body will arrive in Clearfield this afternoon on the 4 40 B., R. & P. passenger train.

Mrs. McCoy is survived by her husband and daughter Pauline, three sisters, Mrs. Robert Lynn, Mrs. W. M. Veipond, both of Clearfield and Mrs. W. M. Gensler, of Mahaffey, and two brothers Milton Kephart, of Osceola Mills and Willis Kephart, of Houtzdale.

Funeral services will be held from the home of her sister; Mrs. Robert Lynn on South Second street, Wednesday afternoon at 2:30, Dr Bender officiating. Interment will be made in Hillcrest cemetery.

Opening display of Fall and Winter Millinery, all the latest styles, Wednesday evening ... 30 to 10 o'clock ... R...

The Hyde City Union Sunday School will give a box social on the school lawn at Hyde City Saturday evening, September 25, at 7 o'clock. Ice Cream and coffee will be served. S 20 ...

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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Averge Daily Circulation, January 1, 1915, to May 31, 1915,		2465
ANALYSIS:		
Borough of Clearfield by Carrier and R. F. D.,	1264	
Within 25 mile (shopping) radius in Clearfield County,	659	
Outside 25 mile radius, within County,	202	
Free list, exchanges, correspondents, in Clearfield County	82	
Total in the County,	2207	
Total, all classes outside County,	258	2465

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS is now a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, a national institution whose reports govern the sale of millions of dollars of advertising space annually. Upon the completion of the first official audit, a full detailed report will be published.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1915.

COLORED COTTON ON THE BUSH.

A South Carolinan claims to have grown cotton of light brown, yellow green, warm tan, olive green and bronze colors, and to expect to produce black cotton in the near future. Luther Burbank, the California plant wizard, has been interviewed on the subject and expressed the opinion that black cotton will not be produced in this generation, if at all. Of course the question to be determined by future event is whether South Carolina has another plant wizard as great or greater than Burbank. In any case everybody, except perhaps representatives of the dyeing industry, will be disposed to wish the Southern experimenter success.

If cotton naturally colored in all shades can be produced, not only will our dyestuffs problem caused by the European war be solved, but we shall have cotton goods in much more beautiful tints than those created in the chemist's laboratory. For in such matters art is ever shamed by nature, the secrets of whose coloring process are still to be revealed. A further gain is promised by the fact that nature's colors, unlike dyes, are all "fast" and never "run." If nature can indeed be induced to do a great part of our dyeing by her own surpassingly perfect methods, one of the very greatest of the triumphs of the modern scientist will be recorded. Cotton naturally colored in all tints would be so great a triumph, in fact, that the possibility is scarcely believable. But the South Carolina experimenter should continue in his work, assured of the world's good wishes.

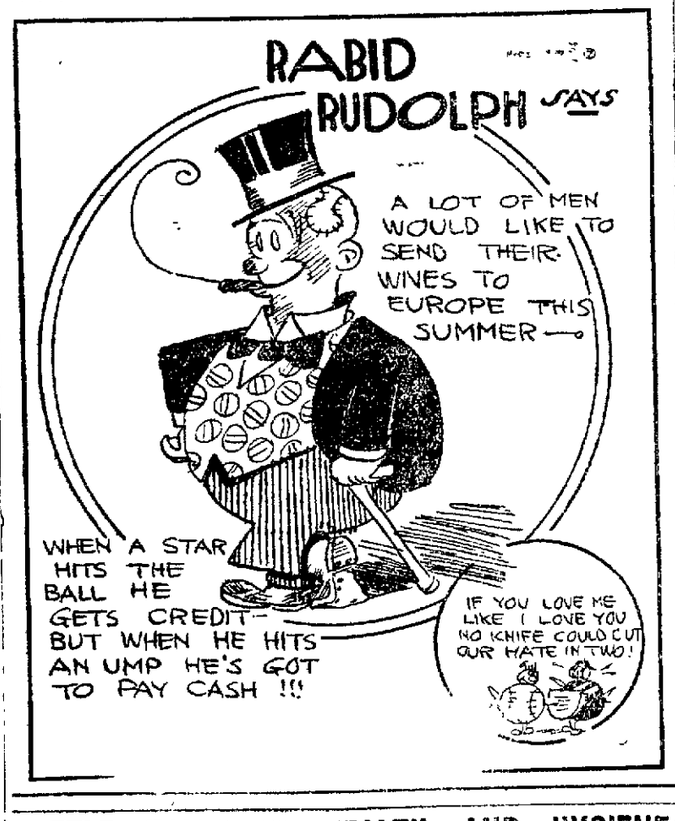
WHEN A MAN IS "DECENTLY" CLOTHED.

A metropolitan newspaper has told the story of an outfit in clothes selected for a young man by two young women which has doubtless been accepted by not a few economical bachelors of Clearfield as a warning that it is safer to go shopping alone. It sems that the young man was careless in his dress, that his friends expostulated to no purpose, and that finally the two young women took upon themselves the duty of clothing him "decently." He rashly consented to pay the bills if they would go the rounds of the tailors and outfitters with him and do the selecting, and this is the list of their purchases:

Two suits of evening clothes	$180.00
One Tuxedo	45.00
Two opera hats	20.00
Two silk hats	18.00
Two derby hats	10.00
One soft hat	6.00
One frock coat	40.00
Six pairs of fancy grey trousers	72.00
Six white Mercerized linen vests	48.00
1 morning dress, cutaway coat and vest	50.00
Three cutaway suits, mixed goods	150.00
Two riding suits, extra breeches	100.00
Two pairs evening shoes	18.00
Two pairs patent leather Oxfords	16.00
Two pairs black calf shoes	16.00
Two pairs black calf Oxfords	16.00
One pair russet storm shoes	7.00
Two pairs riding boots	32.00
One dozen evening dress shirts	36.00
One dozen fancy colored shirts	30.00
One dozen negligee shirts	40.00
Three dozen assorted collars	12.00
Three dozen pair cuffs	18.00
Two dozen suits silk underwear	256.00
Four dozen silk socks	96.00
	$1.331.00

Lavishness was expected, but it is a surprise to find it including three dozen pairs of detached cuffs, in view of fashion's dictum that the well-dressed man shall wear only shirts with attached cuffs. Was the large supply of this supposedly superfluous article added merely because of the determination to lay in a stock of everything in sight? Be that as it may, the complete list gives the average conservatively garbed citizen a rather startling impression of the feminine idea of what a decently clothed man needs at a given time—with additions, of course, on a similar scale for every change of season and style.

It is stated that the social status of the young man who paid these bills is of the best and that he is employed at a remunerative salary, but that he is by no means wealthy. It is not necessary to be told further that if he had any intention of proposing to either of his two obliging lady friends that shopping trip caused him to change his mind.



LITTLE TALKS ON HEALTH AND HYGIENE

By Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D.

During the year, probably 200,000 people in the United States will contract typhoid fever. The average period of invalidism will be more than a month for every case developing, so that the economic loss, even if recovery does ensue, can be reckoned upon this basis, including at the same time the care and attention required Of those who contract the disease, possibly 18,000 will succumb. 50 per cent. of these will be between the ages of 15 to 35 years, the very time of life when the loss is most frightful. Moreover, this is an annual toll and represents the minimum fatality which we have attained. No sooner is the computation of the 18,000 completed than another series is begun, and so on interminably. True there is some diminution in the total number, the death rate since 1900 having been diminshed by half, and most of our cities showing a progressive reduction in the incidence of the disease, but it still remains much higher than that of countries which we are apt to consider less civilized than our own.

Fingers, Flies and Filth

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth. It can only be contracted by taking into the system the waste products of one previously ill of the disease. These waste products are conveyed from one individual to another usually by means of a third object, such as water, flies or milk. Even if disease itself were never contracted in htis manner we should revolt at the abhorrence of the idea of such uncleanliness. For every case of the infection developing, someone, either the municipality or the individual, has been careless as criminal. In the eyes of the health officer typhoid fever is strictly a preventable disease, invariably originating from an antecedent case, and contracted in a most loathsome manner.

Typhoid Fever a Fact, Not a Theory

Our scientific knowledge of the disease is most complete. For thirty years the causative organism has been known and studied. Its habitat has been surveyed, the associating organisms classified, and the many facts relating to the life of the bacillus fully recorded. For nearly twenty years we have been in possession of most delicate blood tests for the recognition of the disease, tests which are not only of great diagnostic worth but which should actually assist in the prevention of the infection. Our knowledge of the dissemination of the disease, in both its epidemic and endemic forms, is consequently exact and definite. Not content with accomplishments along these lines the medical profession, in view of the continued morbidity, has even devised methods by which the public may continue to live under insanitary conditions with perfect impunity, so far as this particular disease is concerned. In other words, persons may take into their systems the filth which produces disease and death and yet, if the preventative treatment has been received, apparently remain free from harmful effects.

Eighteen Thousand Deaths per Annum

In spite of these efforts and accomplishments the frightful mortality continues and the disease this year will again usher 18,000 victims to their graves. Plainly, the practical application of our knowledge is far and away behind the scientific data in our possession, and a large proportion of the population is ignoring the very principles which have been so well established. For this reason, health officres realize that further steps toward prevention must be the result of more general enlightenment and the better education of the mass of the people.

Typhoid Abolition a Community Matter

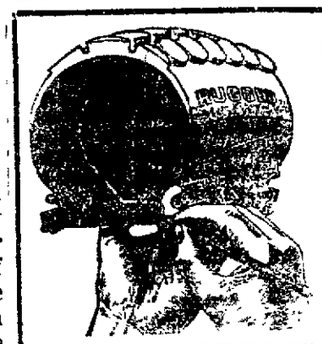
The avoidance of the infection rests primarily upon community action. The proper protection of water supplies, the eradication of filth and all its accompaniments, the attainment of a decent standard in the disposal of excremetatious material, the regulation of dairies and the safeguarding of milk are all problems which only communities as a whole can settle. Nevertheless, this does not absolve the individual citizen from responsibility, and he can do much for his own protection.

Clean Up!

The eradication of filth is in part the duty of every citizen, and each should see that his own surroundings are in a satisfactory condiiton. He should guard against carelessness in the maintenance and preparaiton of food and withhold his patronage from htose who disregard the rules of cleanliness, remembering that the foods which are most subject to contamination are milk and its products, oysters and vegetables. The role of flies in the dissemination of the infection is now generally recognized. The elimination of such fly-breeding places as garbage, manure and filth is most essetnial, but the proper screening of houses and the adoption of destructive measures are also of great prophylactic value. If, in spite of these precautions, the disease develops, it then becomes the duty of eve yrcitizen to implictly follow the instructions given in order that the safety of others may not be imperiled, bearing in mind the fact that every case of typhoid fever is due to someone's ignorance or carelessness. No higher duty of citizenship than this can be conceived.

OYSTER SUPPER POSTPONED

The Aid Socet yof the West Side Metohdist Epscopal church will hold an oyster supper in the basement on September 30. Those having tickets for the 16th, hold until the 30th. S 14



Federal Casings			Tubes	
Size	Plain	Rugged	Gray	Red
30x3	$ 9.35	$10.75	$2.25	$2.60
30x3½	12.15	13.95	2.70	3.00
32x3½	13.95	16.05	2.80	3.10
33x4	19.90	22.90	2.90	4.35
34x4½	27.05	31.10	5.00	5.55
35x4½	28.25	32.50	5.10	5.65
36x4	21.65	24.90	4.20	4.60
36x4½	28.70	33.00	5.20	5.80

ALL STYLES KLAXON MADE HORNS.

Klaxon, $20. Klaxonet, $15. Klaxet, $9

TWO STYLES HAND HORNS:

Hand Klaxon, $7.50 Hand Klaxonet, $4

LEE GARAGE CO.

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Clearfield, Pa.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS ITEMS

GRAMPIAN

J. R. Wriglesworth and wife and daughter Erie, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in DuBois.

Miss Esther Doughman and Roxie Stuller spent Sunday with E. A. Spencer.

V. P. Davis and family left Friday morning in their car for Philadelphia and Yardley to visit with relatives. Blair Rishell went with them to enter George school for another term.

Mrs. W. T. Thorp and son Russell is spending a 10 days visit with relatives in Philadelphia making their trip in their car.

Mrs. E. M. Davs is reported on the sick list.

Misses Lois and Grace McDivitt and Norma Farewell Sundayed with Wava Spencer.

The Primary school opened with an enrollment of 22 scholars.

Grammar school enrolled with 10.

T .L. Wall spent Sunday with E. A. Spencer.

W. C. T. U. was held Sunday evening at Hepburnia with a good attendance a very good programme was rendered the report of the county convention was read by the president.

OSCEOLA MILLS

Miss Edna Hall has resigned her position as saleslady at the store of Baird, Rickenbaugh and company and will laeve on Friday for Lewistown where she has accepted a similar position.

Post Master A. E. Brown, wife and daguhter have returned from a ten days visit at Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Rev. Chas. Wilkinson addressed a large audience of men in the M. E. church on Sunday afternoon and occupied the pulpit at Presbyterian church in the evening. Both services were greatly appreciated by those who heard him. His presentation of the Gospel cannot be misunderstood.

The stork presented Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Kline with twins on Sunday morning. The smile on the face of Grandfather Kline is broader than ever now.

Chas. Dunlap, of Houtzdale, transacted business in town on Monday.

Rev. Ulrich Brumbaugh a Drew Seminary student will deliver a lecture in the Presbyterian church Friday night for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. Subject "Take the Sunny Side of Life."

Maynard Whitney left on Sunday for State College where he has accepted a position in a drug store.

E. L. Evans who has been employed as a mine foreman at DuBois for some time is spending a few days with his family here.

The coach of Dickinson seminary at Williamsport having been injured in a railroad accident in Ohio some time ago was unale to ll his ositon at the opening of the school term. Elbridge Brown of this place has accepted the positio nuntil the University of Pittsburg begins their fall term when he wil iresume his studies there as a student of law.

OLANTA

Charles Taylor arrived home Saturday from a few weeks visit in Connelsville.

Miss Elizabeth Dunlap returned to Indiana normal.

Miss Zoe Brown, of Glen Richey, was the guest of her aunt Mrs. T. H. Rowles Saturday.

Floyd B .Bloom left Saturday for Westover,, where he will teach school this term.

Miss N. Woods was shopping in Curwensville Saturday evening.

M. F .Long, of Maple Lawn has gone to his school in Madera, this making his third term there.

Mrs .J. O. Read and Mrs. James McClinsy spent last week in Celarfield. They were witnesses on a case of their camp, theOlanta P. O. of A.

Mrs. C. L. V. Rowles entertained the Mt. Zion O. A. B. class at her home Saturday evening. Refreshments were served and a neat sum was made for the ladies treasury.

Miss Alice Lund left Friday for Pittsburg where she will spend the winter.

WINBURNE

Charles Garfinkle has completed his ourse at the Lancaster Business college and arrived home Sunday last.

The Slavish people held a picnic in the Avondale park Saturday, September 18. There was also a large parade in the morning.

The new stact road has been completed and adds greatly to the appearance of the town.

Millard Bloom has entered the Philipsburg High school.

Hennes Garfinkle left for Cleveland, Ohio, on business.

Emil Jaswick is at home after a six month trip through the west. No more west for Emil.

The hospital will be glad to receive any donations of vegetables and any fine preserves. Any person who wishes to make such donations can obtain jars and glasses at the hospital.

WASHINGTON WIG-WAGS BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Mr. Consul Gottschalk needn't kick because it takes 107 days to get a letter from the U. S. to Brazil. We know a man, not fifty miles from here who swears that $5 he borrowed in 1910 was mailed to us 5 years ago. We haven't received that letter yet.

"The wild, black orange of Corrientes is a sure cure for gamosia," reports Consul Keena from Argentina; and we certainly have to hand it to the consul for scaring up an unheard-of fruit to cure an undreamed-of disease.

Consul Keena also reports that Germany's glass trade with Chile is all broken up by the war. Although it panes us to learn this we can not refrain reminding the German glassmakers that "People who live in Glass houses shouldn't declare war."

Oysters, says the Bureau of Fisheteries, were legal tender when the Indians ruled America. Ah, those must have been the good old days, when a man could march down to the treasury with a shovel and a sack and come home a millionaire.

However there was always the danger confronting a man with a family that his children would eat three or four hundred thousand one-dollar bills when he wasn't looking.

We can almost see the busy little bank clerks shelling nickels.

But, how could a man tell whether he was in a bank or a restaurant? Because the banker didn't wear aprons? Maybe.

WEDDING UNITES TWO NOTED FAMILIES.

New York, Sept. 20.—A large party representing the elite of society in half a dozen cities journeyed by special train from this city to Eastham,ton, L. I., today to attend the wedding of Miss Olga Wiborg and Mr. Sidney Webster Fish. The ceremony was performed in the early afternoon in St. Luke's Church at Eastrumpton and was followed by an elaborate reception and breakfast at the Wiborg country place, The Dunes.

The wedding unites two families of widest social prominence. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs Frank B. Wiborg. The family formerly resided in Cincinnati, but has made their home in Washington and New York since Mr. Wiborg's retirement from business several years ago. Mrs. Wiborg, mother of the bride, was Miss Adeline Moulton Sherman, daughter of Major Hoyt Sherman, the youngest of the Shermans of Ohio, and other noted members of the family of the bride were Senator John Sherman and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

The bridegroom is the son of Stuyvesant Fish and the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. After the death of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Fish became the leader of the "Four Hundred," and until her recent death was the best known woman in New York and Newport society. Stuyvesant Fish, father of the bridegroom, was president of the Illinois Central Railroad for many years. He is a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, governor of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, and another illustrious relative on the groom's side of the family was Hamilton Fish, who was secretary of state under President Grant.

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Its part has been to aid legitimate enterprise by making loans as required to the business men of the district.

It has found its reward in the steady growth of its own business, until now it is the largest bank in this section of Pennsylvania, with deposits of over $2,600,000 and resources of more than $4,000,000.

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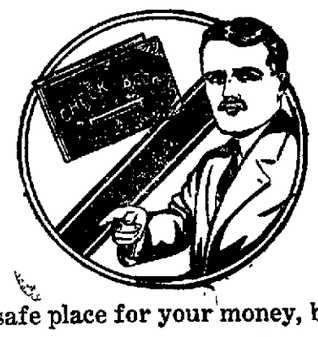

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Broken Coin

A Story of Mystery and Adventure

By EMERSON HOUGH

From the Scenario by Grace Cunard

(Copyright, 1915, By Wright A. Patterson)

Novelized From the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Kitty Gray, newspaper woman, finds in a curio shop half of a broken coin, the mutilated inscription on which arouses her curiosity and leads her, at the order of her managing editor, to go to the principality of Gretzhoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Gretzhoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Sinews of War.

It was touch and go between the two little kingdoms for a time. Their troops had faced each other in the open field. Blood had been shed. Generals had looked other generals in the eye at no great distance. At the lines of contact the imperial rulers of the two countries had been within earshot one of the other.

Yet they parted now. Why? The trumpets sounded the recall, even as the leaders were awaiting the summons for the charge. Why? At least one ruler had been eager for the assault, yet did not advance his troops. Why? The other, vacillating as ever of soul, none the less had been upon the battle front itself, whether or not his courage had been more than temporary. He now retired. Why?

The answer to all those questions lay in the hands of the young American girl. Sundered, the two halves of the divided Gretzhoffen coin still pleaded for reunion. One lay in the grasp of another. Had either kingdom on this day owned them both, war would have ensued.

Cortislaw of Grahoffen, old as he was, none the less was in respect of martial nature far in advance of the weak ruler of Gretzhoffen. Michael had come to the rescue not so much to save Count Frederick from danger as to save Count Frederick for himself. He needed Frederick's courage. Not so Cortislaw, who retired to his own city fuming and full of ire. Evil was that hour for the courtiers of Grahoffen, and worst of all for the unfortunate Sachio, who had promised so much for his sovereign and himself, and who had come so far short of the measure of his promises.

"Believe me, my good friend Sachio," exclaimed Cortislaw, when at length that crestfallen individual was brought before him. "Your failure to bring me the missing half of the coin has well-night cost me my dignity and you your life. I will not longer suffer such disappointments at your hands."

"Your majesty," began Sachio, but the other raised a hand.

"We are at the brink of war now—at any moment war may be forced on us, whether we like it or not. I did not think Michael would march, but he has shown that under certain circumstances he not only can but will. If we delay we lose all the advantages of the initiative. None can tell what yonder Count Frederick will do, for at least he does not lack courage. And now he will be eager for revenge against us for the danger in which we have placed him."

"It was a danger shared by all those who engaged in the struggle for the coin," said Sachio. "We had it

Convinced Count Frederick the Room Was Empty.

in our own hands. We brought it to the very [illegible] our throne; it was in our country when they took it once more."

"You and those women were persons that had no more at stake than you have, Count Sachio," broke in Cortislaw, with the cold wrath his officers knew so well. "Have they more reason for success than you? Are they of greater wit than yours? By the Lord, if those things be so, this time we had better wits about us than such as yours."

Sachio bowed his head, but found no speech in answer and the king went on:

"Listen now."

He looked about him other officers of his court, and held out before him in his palm the half coin which had come into his possession. "See what this says—it talks of treasure—treasure! We know that the Gretzhoffen treasure is enormous—we know that it is concealed in the texture somewhere, whatever or wherever that may be. Beyond that we know no more. It is the other half of the coin alone that can tell us what we cover now. This half but whets our anger until we have the mate for it.

"Now, my noblemen, you who pretend to serve me and this people, [illegible] you—yonder half coin, or your resignations—or your heads."

His officials left him, all in a state bordering upon consternation, for they knew that this king was not one soon forgetful of his hatred or his revenge. They laid their heads together, Sachio desperately anxious now, and tried their best to formulate some plan. All they could conclude was that the coin had found its way back to Gretzhoffen once more in the possession of the persons who so stoutly had defended it.

Meantime these were far away as time had allowed them. The walls of Gretzhoffen sheltered now both Kitty Gray and Roleau. Close behind these rode King Michael at the head of his troops, at his side the man whose danger had called him forth—none less than Count Frederick himself.

"My dear count," exclaimed Michael in his own very pretty opinion of his prowess, "all is well that ends well. Did you not note the speed with which we came to rescue you? Was it not all magnificent?"

"Yes," replied the count. "The wit of yonder girl—her courage—they were indeed magnificent."

"Her wit? Her courage?"

"Pardon, your majesty, but was it not those things which brought you to our rescue? How else could you have known of our stress? It was she who carried the news—she, I doubt not, who also carries the coin."

"The coin? What coin? Why do you speak of it?" demanded Michael in a certain surprise. "We have that half coin in our own possession—or at least have supposed so—surely did have it but the other day. You have one half, have you not, and I the other? If either half be missing, at least I do not know where it is."

"It is in Grahoffen town this minute in every likelihood," exclaimed Count Frederick, careless of any consequences that might arise if his counterfeiting were discovered. "We had a half, that equally is sure, in our hands in the mountain fight. The young woman and myself gave it in keeping of her servant, the man Roleau—a stout fellow and a desperate fighter, as more than one of yonder army might attest."

"And where is he now?"

"That is what I cannot say," rejoined the count. At the time the danger of conflict ended I turned to find him, and he was gone, as you know. We agreed that those two, Roleau and his mistress, would meet as soon as possible. My own fear is that the young woman will take ship at any time and sail for home. With her goes the secret, for very likely Roleau would go with her."

"I do not share your fears, my dear count," he said. "In my own belief the young woman will not be so apt to leave the palace presently."

"Leave the palace?"

"Yes, she was in the charge of my people there even as I started out with the troops. I am thinking that a palace is a safer place than a ship for a young woman who is a stranger in a strange land—a beautiful young woman.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In the Name of the Law.

As for Roleau, now object of solicitude on the part of a nobleman and even a king, he was experiencing further adventures of his own. As soon as he had made his escape from the field where the three had so nearly met disaster, he made such speed as he could after Kitty, who, as he knew very well, would hasten as fast as might be to find some hiding for herself and the coin.

But where was she now? That he could not guess, for he had no means of learning that Kitty had been left in the palace of the king. Rather, he supposed that she would be at the hotel which she had made her residence. He bent his own steps thither as rapidly as might be.

He met only coldness at the office at that stately caravansary, the Ritz, where both he and his mistress, save for the intercession of the king, before this would have been set out in the streets bag and baggage.

"Mademoiselle the young American excellency?" he asked of the clerk at the desk. "She is at home today?"

"We know nothing of mademoiselle, the young American excellency," replied that worthy coldly. "She left no announcement of her plans when she departed. She has not returned."

"Are you sure as to that?" demanded Roleau, nonplused as to what next to do.

"I am not here to make guesses on such things," rejoined the clerk. "I know nothing, and that is something."

"Nothing is enough for one of your kind to know," replied Roleau blandly. He might perhaps have engaged in still more truculent conversation with the clerk, had he not at that moment felt a hand laid on his arm.

He turned to face a sergeant of gendarmes, who drew him to one side.

"In the name of the law, you are my prisoner," said the man. "Come with me."

"On what charge then, monsieur?" demanded Roleau coolly. "It is my right to know something of that, I fancy."

"The charge is murder, as you know," said the sergeant. "The same on which you were just in charge. I am to warn you once more that [illegible]

you say may be used against you at the trial.

"At the trial?" exclaimed Roleau. "I thought that was all dismissed. Did we not have the king's excuse to leave? The king himself set free my master and my mistress."

"Both your employers?" grinned the sergeant.

"I am servant of both, and certainly if either went free then so should I. Is that not true?"

"It is far from true," returned the gendarme grimly; you will see how far. Murder was committed yonder by someone, as you know. You saw it—said that you saw it. The law does not set such witnesses free."

"[illegible]ing sets free whom he pleases in this land," rejoined Roleau. "I shall tell my mistress of this."

"Do so," laughed the gendarme, "a rick jest enough. But first find your mistress."

Roleau found this a proposition difficult of present answer. Others of the police closing in upon him, he went with them now peaceably as he might, to the tribunal where someone must answer for the recent crime.

The prefect greeted him grimly enough, yet with a certain exultation in his mien. It was necessary in that country, as in others, that a victim should be found for the law. Perhaps in that country more than in many others, it mattered little who that victim might be.

"So we have you again, Messer Roleau?"

"And why, may I ask your honor?" rejoined Roleau, innocently. "I was

"I Warn You—the Other Half of This Coin or Your Heads!"

away, true, on business in other lands—business connected with my country's welfare. Having concluded that matter I returned fast as I might, and here I am."

"Criminals always come back to the scenes of their murder," asserted the prefect pompously.

"Is that true? I did not know it. As for me, I have done no crime. I was simply looking after my mistress' affairs in her room—her excellency, the young American, who is so high in the king's good will."

"That is all very well, very well, but it is not enough, as you will see," rejoined the prefect. "The king did not set you free."

"Only because the king had not yet heard from my mistress. Give me leave to bring the two together—and that may be done— and she will set all right at once. Ask her."

"I do not need to ask her. The king has set for me the task of finding yonder murderer. I must fill that task. I have done so now."

"What—myself—I am suspected of that crime! Your honor, that is impossible. There has been no proof of any crime."

"Send to the king," he added, catching a glimpse of uncertainty on the face of the prefect. "Send to my mistress. I claim that right under the law."

"I send to the king?" demanded the prefect blustering. "Why should I? I can control the process of the law without troubling royalty with details of that sort."

"But suppose there are consequences. These are ticklish times, believe me, your excellency. I have seen blood deeds done today. When a king goes to war—and our king may go before long—the life of an officer left behind is worth no more to him than that of a good fighting man taken with him to the front. Perhaps as between your honor and myself—"

The official took counsel with his own caution for a moment.

"I will myself go to the palace," said he at length. "To be sure, we cannot be too careful in the attaining of the ends of justice. If I cannot gain access to the king, I shall at least have made the attempt. If I can have an audience, I shall put something of this case before him myself. We wish not to meddle too intimately in affairs of which we do not know. But if the king disavows you—"

CHAPTER XLV.

The Chamber of Horrors.

Arrived presently in the royal palace and in the company not only of Count Frederick, but of yet other noblemen and officials, King Michael relaxed his martial front under the warming influence of the wine on which he so much relied.

"They fled," he exclaimed again and again, boastingly, as he referred to the scenes which but now he had left. "They fled before us like sheep, my dear count. With myself to lead the army—and you at my side—what chance would they have? They knew they had none, and took counsel of their wisdom for once. If they remain in that counsel, surely they will stay behind their own walls, and not give offense to our country. We would annihilate them. A half hour more and we would have plundered their city today. Their treasure would have been ours!"

"What treasure, your majesty?" inquired Count Frederick coldly. "Would we go to war for that?"

"For what else?" smiled the king.

"For liberty, justice, freedom, your majesty."

"Tut! tut! where do you get those terms? A monk speaks! But listen did we not march to your rescue?"

"Yes, your majesty, I am not unmindful and not unthankful. But still we lack the clue which alone can make war possible or desirable—the clue which alone has back of it motives worthy of a king and of a people."

"Well, well, what does all this mean then?" rejoined Michael, irritated "Where do we arrive? What is it that you ask?"

"I can ask no questions and answer none, until we have found once more the young American, your majesty."

King Michael smiled in self-satisfaction at last.

"Ah, well, that is easy," said he. "I have said that she is, or should be here in this palace. It is true she brought me the news of your plight."

Count Frederick waited for no change in the royal will, but bowed himself from the room. Inquiry found for him presently the waiting woman in whose care Kitty had been placed, and together they approached the room where she had been left, some hours before, to her own devices.

They knocked, knocked again, and yet again—but got no answer. The woman at length opened the door with her own key. Her sudden exclamation convinced Count Frederick that the room was empty.

"She is up to her tricks," exclaimed he to himself. "Now I wonder—"

He did not pause to ask much of the waiting woman, but hurried away down the hall, intent on certain plans of his own.

He must find her, must see her at once. He had no real idea as to which course Kitty had taken after leaving the room, but alone after a time, he walked more slowly, he could not say why. Something came to his senses, as first not recognized—a faint scent—a perfume which it seemed to him he had known before—the perfume of violets, faint, indefinite, fragrant.

He found himself at length in a narrow hallway from which there were no side passages. It led him deeper back into the palace, its trend continually downward. Thus finally he found himself in the self-same subterranean tunnel which Kitty earlier had discovered.

"She was searching for the torture chamber!" said he to himself, with sudden conviction. "That is why she came here!"

He came at length to the great door which closed the passageway. Yes, in the dust before him were footprints, and in the dust on the door itself were finger prints! The silence and secrecy of ages had been broken within the hour.

He pushed open the door—pushed it until it met some obstruction—something which lay vaguely white upon the floor. He turned downward the flare of his light—started back from what he saw.

She lay at his feet, unconscious, helpless—dead, for all he could tell. He bent over her, doubt, terror in his eyes, and reached out his hand.

She stirred under his touch. Her eyes opened, looked into his. What she saw bending over her was the face of her enemy.

"Who is it?" she cried. "Loose me—leave me! Where am I?"

She caught her hands to her face now as there came to her once more the terror of what she had seen. She dared not look about her. "Take me away!" she moaned. "Take me away!"

He made no answer for a time.

"Why have you followed me here?" she demanded at last, half hysterically.

He spoke now, slowly, almost solemnly.

"Why?" said he. "I do not know why. I think it must have been because you were in trouble. Perhaps you called me—perhaps that is why I came."

"What do you mean? Would you taunt me now, at such a time? I have been frightened almost to the point of death—it was terrible."

"Come," said Count Frederick, and placed about her an arm on whose strength, in spite of herself, she was glad to lean.

He was guiding her toward the door. She turned and saw again that which but now had smitten her with terror. Her nerves, weakened by the long strain upon them, gave way once more.

The flare of the candle lighted up the cavernous interior at whose entrance they stood. Count Frederick saw what she had seen.

On the walls stood out hooks, steel arms which supported eyeless, grinning skulls—old—how old no one could tell. Beyond arose rods and gratings, barbed, pointed, curved. An iron chair was in a corner, and in it

It was the torture chamber, the room of terrors, born of other years more savage than these, and brought down unchanged through all the centuries!

"Come," said Count Frederick, his own voice agitated. "It is no time to think of any treasure now, but you—yourself!"

He caught her away swiftly into the other passage, and flung the door shut behind them. In silence he led her along the subterranean passage and up the stairs.

He left her once more alone in her own room, to compose herself as best she might, while he went on to rejoin the king.

"So, then, you found her, faithful messenger?" demanded Michael.

"Yes, your majesty, at length. She was but strolling about to pass the time during your absence. While I know little of such matters, it seems to me that the trials of the day have been extreme for her."

King Michael ended by asking the attendance of the young woman herself; but it was just at this juncture that there arrived at the palace none less than the prefect of police, who made suppliance through several court official for admittance to audience with royalty.

"He says," ventured the last chamberlain, "that he comes regarding the murder at the Ritz hotel, in which your majesty was graciously pleased to be interested."

"Yes, yes—my dear Count Frederick, it was absurd that you should be mixed in that—or the young American—I have not had time to think of it since then. What is all this now? Bring the man in."

And so presently the prefect, abashed and much perturbed, was admitted.

"Well, well," demanded the monarch, "what is it—why do you come here?"

"For only one reason, your majesty," began the prefect humbly. "We are convinced that there is more than chance medley in this murder. The thing goes deeper than we thought at first."

"Have you no suspect?"

"One, your majesty, a person of no importance, by name Roleau."

"How now, count?" Michael turned to the nobleman who still stood near. "What think you of this matter?"

"Count Frederick considered for a moment before he replied.

"Set him free," said he at length. "Watch him. He will lead us to something perhaps. Be sure that once he is loose he will not be at rest for long."

"An excellent idea," said Michael.

Michael turned now to the matters closer to his heart—the welfare of the young American, whom he had not seen since his return to the palace. Even now she waited for admission to his presence, and he had her summoned at once.

"What! mademoiselle," cried Michael, "you are pale. You have not yet fully recovered—you have been ill?"

"Yes, your majesty," replied Kitty, smiling somewhat wanly. He now noticed that the serving woman at her side carried her wraps, and that she herself appeared ready for the street.

"What! you mean to leave us?" exclaimed he. "What does this mean?"

"Your majesty," said Kitty, "graciously allow me my absence for the time. I must return to my hotel."

It was with deep relief that finally Kitty found herself once more freed of the royal presence and the royal palace. She sped, fast as might be, back to her hotel.

Count Frederick excused himself but a moment later. To the king he announced his intention of returning to his own home. Instead, he made his way also to the Ritz hotel.

The clerk at the hotel was more deferential to the nobleman than he had been to the nobleman's servant a trifle earlier.

"Her excellency, the young American? But now she came—she may be in her room—we shall see. Shall she join you in the parlors, Monsieur le Comte?"

"In the parlors on the floor above," replied Count Frederick, rather vaguely, and passed up the broad stair. But he had certain plans of his own which did not include a public audience with the young American. Instead, he passed boldly down the hall. Before the door at which he would have announced himself he paused. He could not well escape detection if he turned back, for the voices of others came to him down the hall. And in the room beyond the door he heard another voice—apparently she was using the telephone. Yes, it was she. He waited for an instant, and found himself, without intention in possession of what she said.

Kitty at the time, in fact, was telephoning to the headquarters of police asking for knowledge of her servant Roleau. Her voice went on now rapid, staccato.

"Monsieur, he was freed, Roleau—yes, yes—what then? On probation?—yes, I know. He was here—he was followed to the hotel—he was followed

It Was the Torture Chamber—the Room of Terrors!

to the rendezvous of the apaches—yes, yes—by whom?—why? He is there now, perhaps?—Ah, bah! what manner of officers are you? What is your plan in all this—to have him killed by thieves in turn?"

Count Frederick paused to hear no more, but flushed guiltily over his eavesdropping retraced his steps down the hall and sought more decorous means of meeting the young woman whom he wished to see. But even as he did so he reflected that from the detached exclamations he had heard surely she was planning yet other adventures. If Roleau had been here—if he had been followed away by the police toward the thieves' headquarters—surely this undaunted girl would in turn do what she could to rescue him. If so, once more she herself would need assistance.

Count Frederick stepped to one side in the hotel lobby and bided his time. It was as he thought. Before long Kitty hastened through the lobby and out toward the street. Evidently she had paused to make no more than slight changes in her toilet. Beyond question the purpose in her mind was to find Roleau.

Count Frederick strolled toward the desk and nodded pleasantly to the questioning clerk. "Yes," said he, "I was so fortunate—"

He did not pause to say definitely in what way he had been fortunate, but, unhurried, strolled down the steps into the street, intent on nothing so much as upon discovering what Kitty Gray next would do.

It was now a curious train that of those persons engaged in the search for the mysterious coin. Roleau had indeed found an occupant in the room of his mistress when he hastened thither the moment he was released from custody. That occupant, however, was not his mistress, but another—none less than a member of the apache band who had held her apartments under espionage. Roleau, hiding himself, waited for the appearance of the intruder—followed him out from the hall into the street. This had been but the moment before Kitty's return. The prefect had ordered Roleau's discharge by telephone from the palace, almost as she was leaving, and both she and Roleau had hastened to the hotel.

Now, as Kitty emerged, followed by Count Frederick, yet another one of Blake's underworld band stepped out from his hiding place and followed Count Frederick himself. And all of these, each was in pursuit of the coveted Gretzhoffen coin.

As for Roleau, his man made rapid progress, and it was not long before he had trailed him to the rendezvous of the band which he himself previously had learned. Undaunted, he would have pursued the fugitive to the inner chamber of the rendezvous had not he heard a sound which caused him to pause.

It was at this time that Blake, leader of the band of thieves, chanced to return to the rendezvous. He had passed part way into the subterranean passage when he looked on ahead just in time to see one of his men emerge from the central room and make a spring at an intruder whom he himself at once recognized as the man who at this very scene earlier had given him so desperate a battle—who later had given him into the hands of the law.

Thinking only of revenge now, forgetting the coin, the renegade leader whipped out his revolver and fired point blank at Roleau.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOCIALISTS TO TAKE UP PROHIBITION.

Chicago, Sept. 20.— The wave of prohibition sentiment that has swept over the country the past few years appears finally to have reached the Socialist party, which heretofore has never given any official recognition to the liquor question. That the party is now undergoing a change is evidenced by the fact that its leaders in Chicago have called a county convention to be held tomorrow to decide upon the position to be taken by the Socialist party regarding prohibition. A lively discussion is expected, as quite a number of the Socialist organizations have instructed their delegates to support the prohibition side of the argument. On the other hand, the representatives of the foreign-speaking element are expected to make a strong effort to prevent the party from taking any position on the question.

SMART BOYS AND GIRLS

can easily earn $10. No hard work. Can be done in spare time. No experience necessary. Write Sporting Life Publishing Co., 36-32-34 S. 3d St., Philadelphia, for instructions how to do it.

BASE

You're just as safe in approaching John McGraw these days as you would be under a Zeppelin in England.

The time is fast approaching when we shall be enlightened as to the bright prospects for the Cincinnati Reds in 1916.

That $36,000 offer to "Stuffy" McInnis by the Feds goes to show that some folks are merciless when it comes to beating figures out of a typewriter.

Aside from winning 17 of the 22 games played with the Athletics this year, the Red Sox have not done very much against the Mackmen.

Long after "Gavy" Cravath has retired from the pastime Philly fans will be telling their grandsons of his great four-base wallop against New York with the bases choked.

Bob Bescher, of the Cardinals, says St. Louis has the best grounds to hit on. We always thought as much every time we lamped the visiting team's hit column.

Experters claim that the American league champions, whoever they may be, will walk away with the National league opponents in the world series. They walked away last year, but in the wrong direction.

Detroit has had everything necessary to win a pennant this season except real pitching. The Tigers are 1,000 per cent. fine in batting, run getting and base stealing, but he can't pitch.

Rube Marquard says he refused to go to a minor league because it would seriously hurt his prospects for winter work in vaudeville. It's going to be another tough season on vaudeville patrons.

New York seems doomed to have two second division teams this season. It will be the first time such a catastrophe has befallen Gotham since the Big Town has had two major league outfits.

National league players complain that Umpire Klem says too much and will not permit the players to say anything. A fine chance Bill has to prevent some of the National leaguers from raving.

Is "Buck" Herzog, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, to follow Fred Clarke, the Pirate chief, back to the farm? Recent rumors have it that "Buck" is to hand in his resignation at the end of the season.

With the Phils and Dodgers going at a mad clip, while the star players of the Braves are going on the injured list, world's champs will have to show the speed of a Wallace or a Directum I to cop this year's happiness.

Manager John Ganzel, of the Brooklyn Feds will take a 12,000-mile auto trip from Brooklyn to Honolulu after the close of the season. The distance of John's trip about equals that between his team and the Fed pennant.

Buck Weaver can now give his entire attention to the playing of short for the White Sox, since his Chicago pool room license has been taken from him. Claiming that Buck permitted a mob of crap-shooters to sojourn in his place, the Windy City constable put up the shutters.

As an all-around player George Sisler, of the Browns, is being compared to Jimmy Callahan, former White Sox manager and player. Jimmy says the comparison is all right, but he hopes George will never tackle the job of major league manager.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE

A seven (7) room house, situate on Guelic havenue and West Third street in the borough of Clearfield, with steam heat, electric light, bath and all modern conveniences; size of lot 45 by 183 feet, fronting on two streets, West Third street and Gulich avenue.

This propery will be sold at a bargain to settle up an estate. For further paritculars inquire of A. G. Kramer, Clearfield, Pa.

Subscribe for The Progress.

A Concrete Manure Pit Will Make Bigger Crops

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has demonstrated that "one load of manure from a concrete pit is worth 1½ to 2 loads as ordinarily stored." Manure from a concrete pit will make better crops.

ALPHA THE GUARANTEED PORTLAND CEMENT

makes concrete manure pits that will not leak and will never need repairs. It is the one cement to use for walks, floors, buildings and every similar job, because it is always uniform and extra strong. We *guarantee* ALPHA to more than meet the U. S. Government standard for strength.

"Use cement guaranteed for strength," is the Government's advice.

Let us explain how easy and economical it is to use ALPHA, the *Guaranteed* Portland Cement.

Clearfield Hardware Co.
CLEARFIELD, PA.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Gossip for Tonight's Tea Table

Miss Katherine Weiser, was a business visitor at DuBois today.

Mrs. Richard Kennard returned yesterday from an auto trip to Altoona and Hollidaysburg.

Mrs. E. A. Bigler entertained at dinner last evening for A. K. Wright and his guests.

John Thaler, of New York had business in town today.

Riley Lytle and Harold Wilson motored to Punxsy and Brookville yesterday.

Mrs. Cameron and Miss Christine Cameron of Peale were shopping in town today.

Raymond Reed left yesterday for Princeton University.

Mrs. John Harder, Mr. and Mrs. Emmott Harder and children are spending the week at Locust Lodge.

Miss Agnes Weaver left this evening to visit friends in Pittsburg.

Miss Dorothy Woodward left yesterday for Randoff-Macon college.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Wrigley of Mahaffey, were shopping in town yesterday.

Theodore Mitchell left this morning for the University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Mahon and niece Miss Mayme Rickabaugh, of Lewsitown, who have been visiting A. K. Wright returned to their home today.

Judge Bell and family motored to DuBois today.

Burgess Hobart Callahan has been seriously ill since last Saturday. His condition was somewhat improved yesterday.

Miss Elizabeth Zerfoss left yesterday morning for Mount Holyoke college.

G. W. Woods, of Grampian, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Mrs. L. W. Spencer and Misses Ida and Emma Robison of Curwensville were shopping in town yesterday.

Mrs. E. E. Hunchberger, of Curwensville was visiting in town yesterday.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs. B. M. Fast on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock

ALLEGED FAKER OF CATTLE MEN INDICTED IN BUCKS

Man Said to Have Fleeced Penn Farmer Out of $11 000

Harrisburg, Sept 21.—The grand jury of the September term of Bucks county court returned true bills on ten counts against Harvey S. Bomberger of Palmyra, Pa., who is charged with obtaining money under false pretense. Bomberger represented himself as treasurer of the Pennsylvania State Cattlemen's Protective association, which association it is alleged has no existence except in Bumberger's imagination.

During the past three years he has operated throughout the state and according to his statement nas collected about $11,000. He was arrested last February by the Bucks county authorities after having obtained $180 from ten farmers in Bedminster township.

Attorney E. S. Hershey, of Harrisburg, who represents Bomberger, appeared in court and asked for a continuance of the case on the plea of Bomberger's serious illness. The continuance was granted and the case will not be called to trial until the December term.

TO AID POLISH WAR SUFFERERS

Passaic. N. J., Sept. 21—The Polish National Union, the largest Polish organization in America, is expected to agree upon a comprehensive program to aid in the relief of the Polish war sufferers, at the annual convention of the organization now in session here. Delegates from New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and other sections are in attendance President Louis Koskin, of Scranton, presided at the opening session today

Subscribe for The Progress.

JNO. M. BAIN

Republican Candidate

For County Auditor

Is an Accountant and Auditor by occupation

VOTE FOR HIM

Horses and Cows

Feel Good and Do Well on

Purina Dairy Food

Purina Horse Food

A Balanced Ration, The Feed Without a Filler.

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HERRICK OFFERS A NEW PLAN FOR BIG IRRIGATION WORK

Former Ambassador Outlines Plan Which Will Relieve Heavy Financial Burdens

Advocates Abolition of Short Term Loans and Installments, and Asks Government to Extend Credit for Long Periods.

(By United Press)

San Francisco, Sept. 20.—Speaking, he said, from the standpoint of a banker, Myron T. Herrick made the principal speech today before the International Irrigation Congress. He declared his belief that the principal troubles of irrigation work in the United States are financial.

The present gathering has drawn thousands of delegates, including a dozen governors and representatives of Pan-American countries and Canada. Most of these delegates visited the irrigation projects in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys last ween. Today is "Irrigation Day" at the exposition.

Herrick said the U. S. Reclamation service has built 8,500 milse of canals, enough to reach from Palm Beach, Fla., to Fairbanks, Aslaska and back again; has built dikes, roads, tunnels, drainage, ditches, railroads, electric lines and telephone systems. It sells at cost the excess energy of its hydro-electric plants for heating, lighting and for small domestic and industrial machinery, giving settlers the benefit of modern scientific appliances. There can now be watered, 27,115 farms, totaling 1,343,193 acres. The value of crops on irrigated lands in 1913 was $15,732,609 and of live stock and equipment. $16,484,297. One hundred and fifty-three towns have sprung up. All this practically since 1906 when water first was supplied.

But this great difficulty has accompanied this progress, due he said, to faulty finance. The work should have been done through the issuance of debentures, he declared each project being required to stand good for its own bonds, which should have been redeemed out of a sinking fund created by the installment payments of the land owner.

This method he argued should now be adopted.

"The U. S government may possibly worry along under the present arrangement," he said, "but the land owners can not. Last year they paid 16 per cent. of the returns of their crops to the government. In addition they had to pay water rights and taxes. Unfortunately, too, most of them had to pay six to twelve per cent. interest on the mortgages which they gave for the purchase price of their property. Such a burden would be difficult to bear in old, established communities. In these irrigation projects it becomes insupportable, because it leaves practically nothing to the entryman or assignee for the keep of himself and family.

"Short term for loans or for installment payments should be abolished. The charges against land owners and the financial operations of the Reclamation Service should be converted into long term—50 or 75 years—through some carefully prepared plan of bond or debenture issues. Perhaps it would be best to place the financial operations of collection of the Reclamation Bureau in charge of the Secretary of the Treasury and intrust the collection of dues from land owners to the water users' associations."

This, he said, would make "landschafts" of the water users associations; they would be able to find capital on easy terms for other purposes than paying construction charges; the settlers would be welded into a unity The Reclamation Service would be made more efficient confining itself to engineering and building, with the government acting as umpire over all.

"In this way the government could mobilize its entire investment and make it a revolving fund for carrying on and enlarging its work. There is no reason why the government should not realize on the credit available from this investment."

Such a method of financing and a [illegible] co-operation [illegible] on irrigation pro[illegible] mean the [illegible] of the reclamation work.

A[illegible] GER OF [illegible] S IN N. Y.

([illegible] Press)

New [illegible] 20—Arriving here [illegible] the liner Rotterdam, James F. A[illegible] the correspondent passenger of Austria Hungarian Ambassador Dumba asserted his innocense of any intention to aid the foreign envoy in evading the laws of violating the neutrality of this country. Archibald was [illegible] quarantine by [illegible] of justice. He was not arrested and did not expect to be. The government representative [illegible] just asked one question, Archibald said. Being satisfied with Archibald's answer, he left, but what the question was the correspondent refused to say.

LATEST PICTURE OF THE CZAR AND CZAREVITCH WHO ARE DETERMINED TO KEEP UP THE WAR.

A new military photograph of the Czar of Russia and his heir the Czarevitch garbed in the uniform of officers of the Russian army. The young heir to the Russian throne appears a likely youngster who seems to have outgrown his invalidism. He is as imposing appearing a young fellow as one would wish to see.

HARRIMAN-LAWRENCE WEDDING.

Lenox, Mass., Sept. 21—There was nothing about the wedding of Miss Kittie Lanier Lawrence and William Averall Harriman, which took place in Trinity Episcopal Church here today, to suggest that the bridegroom is heir to one of the largest of American fortunes and is himself a power in the financial and railroad world, despite the fact that he has not yet reached his 24th birthday. The wedding was marked by extreme simplicity, with scarcely more than a score of guests in attendance, and these confined to relatives of the contracting parties. The Rev. William G. Wood officiated at the ceremony. The bride was unattended and her grandfather, Charles Lanier, gave her in marriage. The bride's gown was extremely simple, and she did not even carry a bouquet. The church ceremony was followed by an informal reception at Allen Winden, the Lanier country place. All the employes of the estate and the townspeople were welcomed to the reception without invitation.

DULUTH WELCOMES CLUB WOMEN.

Duluth, Sept. 21—The brightest minds of the women of Minnesota are assembled in Duluth today for the annual convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. Delegates from every part of the state filled the M. E. Church this afternoon when the first of the general sessions was called to order by the president, Mrs. C. L. Atwood, of St. Cloud Occupying seats on the rostrum were several of the officers of the General Federation and other noted club women from outside the state, who were invited to be the guests of the convention The exchange of greetings, appointment of committees and officers reports occupied the initial session. Daily sessions, with elaborate program of papers, addresses and discussions, will be held until Thursday night. The convention will not be all work, however, for interspersed with the more serious business will be receptions, luncheons, automobile rides and other entertainment.

TO PROTECT INVESTORS.

San Francisco, Sept 21—The number of bales of beautifully engraved, but wortnless, mining stock certificates unloaded yearly on a gullible public will be greatly reduced in future, providing plans to be [illegible] a convention now in session here [illegible] successfully carried out. The convention, which began a two [illegible] session today, is composed of leading mining brokers of [illegible] who have come together [illegible] a national [illegible] of the mining [illegible] the [illegible]

Carmine W[illegible] [illegible] even [illegible] Thursday afternoon at two oclock after an illness of one month. Funeral services were held Friday afternoon from the St. Francis church, Father Ryan officiating.

"FAT AND FORTY" DRESSLER LIKES STRENUOUS LIFE

Being Thrown Through A Brick Wall Is A Pastime For The Famous Actress

Being Rolled Under the Spigot of a Molasses Keg Not a Extraordinary Experience for a "Movie Lady."

(By United Press)

New York, Sept 20.—Supposing you were built on rather generous lines—about six feet or so altitudinously and fairly well horizontally—supposing so, how would you like to:

Fall twice off moving automobiles,

Be pushed through a brick wall,

Be yanked up into the air on a steel cable,

Be rolled under the open spigot of a molasses keg,

Jump from a culvert onto the top of a moving freight train,

Jump from the aforesaid moving train into a little box?

Marie Dressler, commedienne, does all these things and a lot of other slightly less bone-breaking stunts in her new movie—and likes them In fact, she is crazy about the movies and insists nevermore for the stage. She is taking a vacation just at present after working out "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" her new six reel laugh producer in which she pulls the stunts enumerated above.

"Yes," she remarked, "those stunts are a little hard on the nerves, and I've accumulated a number of bruises—but there was an awful lot of fun in making the picture In one scene I'm supposed to be pushed through a brick wall Naturally we built that wall with watery mortar, not expecting it to stick together very much But something intervened and we couldn't take that particular scene on the afternoon the brick wall was constructed The next day when we came to filming it, we found the mortar had dried—and I want to tell you that it was a mighty had brick wall that I was rammed against"

Miss Dressler is a great movie booster and is advising all her stage friends to take up the work She had a private exhibition of her new film at the Gedney Farms Hotel, White Plains, recently, and invited William Courtney and his wife Virginia Harned, Louise Dresser Ethel Barrymore and a number of other stage stars to witness the film All through the evening she was as nervous as if she was going through the "first night" of a real stage [illegible]

[illegible]

"SPUNK" CHEERS INVALIDS AT THE STATE SANATORIAM

Clever Little Magazine Published By Sufferers Contains Much Humor and Originality

Dr. Dixon Encourages Editors, Believing That Publication Does Much to Cheer Unfortunates.

Harrisburg, Sept. 21.—It is said that the French government and private collectors are making an effort to preserve complete files of the newspapers and magazines issued by the soldiers from the trenches. There are many of these publications and unquestionably they will be of great aid to the future historian of the present war.

Odd publications issued circumstances that would seem ordinarily to be sufficient to stifle literary effort, are not uncommon at home or aboard. Of this class of publications, one of the most interesting is Spunk, a magazine of pluck, issued by the patients of the State Tuberculosis Sanatoria at Mont Alto.

According to the editorial announcement it is "A pleasant tonic, prepared especially for the patients of the State Sanatoria but others will do well to try it. It will take that bad taste out of you mouth, the gloomy thoughts out of your mind, and the kink out of your spine. The subscription price is five cents a dose or fifty cents for a full year's supply. P. S. The contents of this magazine are not protected by copyright. All the spunk and sunshine in its pages are free to the press and public.

The pages of this little magazine fairly bristle with cheerfulness. Following is a sample of one of the contributions to the humor section:

"Dear Editor: Will you kindly tell me the quickest way to get to Mont Alto. Bill.

"Dear Bill: We think the quickest way of getting to Mont Alto is by keeping late hours, boozing and smoking cigarettes. Editor."

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Commissioner of Health, believes that this little magazine is a genuine aid in stimulating cheerfulness among the patients of the Sanatoria.

In addition to the literary efforts of the patients, Spunk has interested a number of literary men and women in the country who have contributed to it. Among these are: Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edward W. Bok, Leigh Mitchell Hodges, Helen R. Martin and others.

MAY SPREAD TO U. S.

(By United Press)

London, Sept. 2.—(By Mail.)—Following the "Trench Knee," the "Warrior's Wrist" is the latest soldier malady reported from Northern France.

It's the peculiar affliction of the wrist and elbow caused by wearing of a strap watch with uniform. Ninety per cent. of all the soldiers wears them. Fifty per cent. of the ninety have developed "Warrior's Wrist"—painful at times but not serious.

Frequent glances at the timepiece cause the damage. The arm is flung out with the elbow slightly and the palm of the hand down.

There is a pause and then a reflex motion brings the hand up toward the nose.

It takes three weeks to develop the peculiar muscular strain commonly known as "Warrior's Wrist."

CONGRATULATIONS FOR SAMUEL REA.

Philadelphia, Sept. 21.—Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the recipient of an almost countless number of messages today from friends who offered congratulations on his sixtieth birthday anniversary. For some time Mr. Rea has been confined in a hospital under treatment for a serious ailment and under the circumstances the many greetings received from his friends were all the more gratifying. Mr. Rea was born in Blair County, this state, in 1855. He began work for the Pennsylvania road in 1871 and has been in the service of the company ever since.

SEED WHEAT

Smooth, red seed wheat for sale at Stone House farm. $1 40 bushel. Yield 32 bushels. James Mitchell, Clearfield, Penna.

Baby Milk for Infants and Invalids

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all Ages

[illegible] infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More healthful than tea or coffee.

Unless you say, "HORLICK'S" [illegible]

CURWENSVILLE

Hon. William B. Wilson, secretary of labor in President Wilson's cabinet, is visting his sister, Mrs. Alex Dunsmore, on Meadow street. Curwensvilel has of late years been honored by an annual visit of this distinguished man, and is always glad to have a public man of the honest, sincere type of Secretary Wilson in her limits.

Hon. Don Gingery of Clearfield, was in town last evening.

Ed. Chase was in town yesterday.

The Curwensville Citizens band gave a splendid concert on the bank corner last night to a large and appreciative crowd.

Frank L. Arnold was in Clearfield yesterday afternoon.

H. A. Hunter, of Philipsburg, who represents the Scranton correspondence schools is here and in connection with Mr. Johnson, the local representative is putting in a splendid display of their courses in Daugherty's Hardware windows.

A. Z. Wolf and George Punchios motored to Luthersburg yesterday afternoon on business.

Port Piles is beautifying his property on Ridge avenue with several coats of paint.

The Curwensville Construction company who are building a bridge at Bridgeport, near Curwensville, have the same well under way.

Hugh McKendrick, of Clearfield, was in town last night.

Harold Smith was in Clearfield this morning.

Paul Gardlock left this morning for Grass Flat where he has secured a position.

OUR DAILY BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Brig. Gen. Sir Philip Chetwode, the first British officer to be mentioned for distinguished service in the present war, born 46 years ago today.

Charles Hawtrey, distinguished actor-manager, best known for his success in "A Message From Mars," born at Eton, England, 57 years ago today.

H. G. Wells, England's famous novelist whose stories forecasted many of the developments of the present war, born at Bromley, Kent, 49 years ago today.

Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, born at Hollidaysburg, Pa., 60 years ago today.

Henry L. Stimson, secretary of war in the Taft cabinet born in New York 48 years ago today.

Charles J. Faulkner, former United States senator from West Virginia, born at Martinsburg, W. Va., 68 years ago today.

Clark Howell, well known Atlanta newspaper editor, born in Barnwell County, S. C., 52 years ago today.

James S. Davenport, representative in congress of the First Oklahoma district, born near Gaylesville, Ala., 51 years ago today.

Dr. Lyman P. Powell, president of Hobart College, born at Farmington, Del., 49 yaers ago today.

George F. Burgess, representative in congress of the Ninth Texas district, born in Wharton County, Texas, 54 years ago today.

FAST HORSES IN MATCH RACE.

Allentown, Sept. 21.—The half-mile track at the local fair grounds is to be the scene tomorrow of what promises to be one of the most sensational harness event of the year. The event will bring together the fast pacers, Directum I, and Peter Stevens, in a match race, two out of three heats, for a purse of $5,000, winner to take all. Directum I has a mark of 2:02 on a half-mile track, while Peter Stevens' figures for the twice-around circuit are 2:04. Tommy Murphy will be Directum's driver and Ray Snedecker will pilot Peter Stevens.

BRITAIN ADMITS LIVE CATTLE.

London, Sept. 21.—Live cattle intended for slaughter at the port of landing were admitted to England today for the first time in five years. This was the consequence of the recent abrogation of the prohibitory order issued by the Board of Trade in 1910. A considerable reduction in the cost of beef is expected to follow the new departure.

CLASSIFIED ADS

First insertion 25c—Each additional insertion 15c—for 25 words or less. Each additional word 1c per word per insertion.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

WANTED—A bookkeeper and competent stenographer wanst a position with some reliable firm. Can furnish good references. Address all communications to Box 176 Winburne, Pa.

WANTED—Nursing to do by day or by the week. Inquire 218 Turnpike Ave. Aug. 16 tf.

WANTED—Position in office or as clerk by young man 17 years old. Have completed three year high school course. Address "Position," care of Progress office. tf.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Apprentice girls in millinery department at A. W. Leonardson's. A 31-tf.

WANTED—High class man to sell trees, shrubs, roses, vines, berry bushes, bulbs, etc. Good wages; permanent; exclusive territory. Brown Brothers Nurseries, Rochester, New York.

ROOMERS WANTED — Rooms well furnished, steam heat, electric light, good bath; for rent. Apply 208 Nichols Street. 8-30-6t

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Apply 406 South Second street.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good piano at reasonable price. Must sell quick. Call H. & C. 323 or 912 Linden street. 9-10-6t

FOR SALE—Two 1913 model Ford cars. Apply by letter to "Ford" care Progress. S 13 3t.

FOUND—A child's white sweater. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

LOST—Dark velvet pocket book, between Sugar Bowl and Market street bridge. If found please return to Progress office. Sept. 21. 1t.

DOG MAKES EXCELLENT SPY.

(By United Press)

London, Sept. 7.—(By Mail.)—How an apparently innocent shaggy coated dog proved to be a German spy, was told today by wounded Canadian soldiers arriving from the front in Northern France.

Near the firing line there stood a coffee house inhabited by five persons inculding a little boy. On their way to the trenches the soldiers often stopped for refreshments, the occupants of the coffee house thus having excellent opportunity to collect valuable information regarding the troops in the neighborhood. Singularly the Canadians observed that their every move was known to the Germans in the opposite trenches. In one instance a regiment of Canadian troops moved unexpectedly to relieve a regiment of Scottish Camerons. Even the Scottish officers were unaware of the coming of the Canadians. No sooner, however, than the Canadians had taken their posts the Germans shouted across to them:

"Hell, Canadians, come out and fight."

The coffee house was immediately suspected. It was the only place to suspect. A raid found nothing. Later, however, a Canadian soldier loitering in the neighborhood of the coffee house heard conversation in German. He quickly informed some comrades and a second raid was made. Like the first it availed nothing. Finally one of the soldiers resorted to bluff. The little boy then gave up the secret. The dog had been conveying messages to the German line. The Canadians had often seen the animal wandering about the trenches and had often patted it. An investigation proved that the animal wore a false coat of shaggy hair. Under this the messages were placed by the spies in the coffee house and the dog trotted calmly off to the German trenches, where he always found rest and food with the Germans.

The spies were arrested. Their fate has not been told.

SEED WHEAT

Smooth, red seed wheat for sale at Stone House farm. Good variety. yield per acre 32 bushels. James Mitchell, Clearfield, Pa.

House Wiring

Campaign is Now Open

HAVE

Central Electric Company

DO YOUR WORK.

Bell Phone 7—R H. & C. 460—Y

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Newspaper That Goes Home and Stays

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

THE WEATHER
Fair tonight and Wednes[day] tonight. Probably frost [in] place

Volume X — CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1915. — NUM[BER]

COMPLETE ELECTION RETURNS AT THE PROGRESS OFFICE TONIGHT

Through the courtesy of the H. & C. Telephone Company, The Progress will receive complete returns of the Primaries from every p[re]cinct in the county this evening. The Progress Office will be the Official Headquarters for the reception of returns, and no returns w[ill] be received at the office of the county commissioners, or elsewhere as heretofore.

For the accomodation of all who wish to receive the returns, it has been arranged to flash each message on a screen in front of [the] Progress Office. This will be done with a Stereopticon machine, and will make it possible to give the news to several hundred people [at o]nce. Please do not ask for the returns by 'phone. Come down town.

One Voter In Three A Candidate In The Primaries of Today

Seven Thousand Men Running for County and Borough Offices on Tickets of Only Three Parties

HEAVY VOTE PREDICTED FOR THE DAY

One out of every three voters in Clearfield county is running for office today, according to the records in the office of the county commissioners, there being over 7000 candidates for county and borough offices out of a total registration of approximately 21.000 voters of all parties.

One out of every fourteen people you meet today, men, women and children, is on a ticket ,and most of them are and have been doing some electioneering.

These candidates represent three parties only, the Republican, Democratic and Prohibitionist, the Socialists and Washington parties not having a ticket in the field.

Some statician may figure it out that had all the parties put tickets in the field, the primaries would result in a stalemate, each man voting for himself.

Cool weather, with overcast skies, according to the experts, ideal weather to bring out an unusualy large vote, was reported from all over the county this morning.

In Clearfield precincts, as well as in nearby voting places, the morning vote was unusually heavy, preasging a big tournout of both Republican and Democratic voters before the polls close this evening.

In the Clearfield precincts the division between the two major parties showe da greater number of Republicans than Democrats.

Contrary to the threats of the Democrats, there was no challenging of former Washington party members who regisetred this year as Republicans. They were allowed to vote the Republican ticket without question in all the precincts heard from, and politicans here were doubtful if they would meet with a challenge in any part of the county.

Much interest is being shown in The Progress' plans to receive the returns tonight and flash them on a screen in front of the office. The screen will be spread between the two lighting standards on the edge of the sidewalk, an dthe returns shown on it from a window of the office, making it possible for people to see them from every angle.

Prognosticators were busy this morning picking the winners in the long list of entries. There are just thirty two candidates for the two vacancies on the county commission, and the dopesters were confident that just thirty two men would win out in the primaries.

In the race for the Republican nomination for county treasurer advance reports indicate that the fight was between Amos Rumberger, of Houtzdale, and Al Kline, of Clearfield, both of whom are making a strong bid.

James D. Connelly is the only man who has a steel riveted cinch on the nomination. He is running for the nomination for prothonotary on the Democratic ticket, without opposition.

Roumanian Capital Excited as Germans Move Toward Border

Kaisers Troops Now Facing Serbian And Roumanian Frontiers, Ready To Strike At Both Nations

TURKS SENDING MORE MEN TO BOSPHORUS

[illegible] ...DAY ... [illegible]

R[illegible] ...pt. 21.—The Berman an[illegible] ...ly ex ited over rum ors [illegible] ...to Bulgar [illegible] large bo[illegible] ...troops were trans[illegible] ...Hungary last week and [illegible] ...near Temesvar [illegible] of both [illegible] ...frontiers. The [illegible] ...Berlin [illegible] ...Serbian bor[illegible] ...ed in [illegible] ...Depat he [illegible] yesterday [illegible] ...the Aus[illegible] ...the ...re-Roumanian border [illegible] ...greatest military activity since [illegible] of the war is reported [illegible] ...Athens. Bulgarian [illegible] ...through their [illegible]

PROMINENT BROOKVILLE WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

Miss Bertha Richards Swallows Seven Tablets of Bichloride of Mercury

Miss Bertha Richards, daughter of Walter Richards, a prominent Hardware merchant of Brookville, com[mitted suicide] ... swallowing [seven] bichloride of mercury tablets. Miss Richards was suffering from a nervous breakdown which is the only reason known for the act. She lived alone in the Richards homestead since the death of her mother some time ago.

[illegible] ...seats for any who wish to listen to the music.

ARMIES STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH IN SHADOW OF ARARAT

Golden Plains at Foot of Noah's Landing Place Drenched With Blood of Men

Turks and Russians Sway Back and Forth in Bitter Struggle Along the Frontier Lines Near Mount.

Washington, Sept. 21.—"Mount Ararat, where there has hardly been a moment's peace since Noah and his Ark grounded upon its massive shoulder, is at present the huge, troubled boundary mark between the Ottoman Empire and Russia, and under the shadows of the historic peak the fighting lines of Osmanli and Russian have been swaying back and forth, never far beyond the lines of the frontier," begins the bulletin issued today by the National Geographic Society. "Ararat is the hub of Armenia, of the original home of the Haik people. It is also the center of what has ever been the most troubled area on earth. Tribes of Europe and of Asia have fought each other here from the dawn of history ,and the remnants from the battles have settled as neighbors, hating, despoiling, massacring one another. Caucasian history has always been of blood and destruction, of savagery and sudden death, of blackest treachery and heartless cruelty—a book whose page is written full of killings and desolations. Dramatic horror has ever stalked around Ararat's broad base, and the border warfare now in progress forms no hiatus in the land's normal life.

"Aararat is one of the most impressive of earth's mountain's, for it rises sheer to the clouds out of an immense plain, with no neighboring peaks to soften its isolation and to take from its majesty. A mighty Mount Everest is set well within a massive, skytouching range of mountains; Mount Blanc is merely one of several imposing fellows, but Ararat stands up, with only a background of sky and plain and a frame of little mountains, a splendid thing without a peer. The dominant mountain is split into two peaks, Great and Little Ararat. Great Ararat rises to a height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Little Ararat, where the boundaries of the Ottoman Empire, of Russia and of Persia meet, reaches on altitude of 12,840 feet. Though the snowline here is very high—14.000 feet—the dome of Great Ararat is covered with glittering fields of unbroken white. Pastures begin little below the snowline, and, below the pastures runs a belt of for the most part sterile land. Purplish-blue Ararat rests its foot in a golden plain, a plain of golden sands, splashed with vivid greens and reds, which shimmers like a Persian carpet.

"A vast wealth of legend surrounds the mountain, which has always deeply impressed the imaginations of the peoples who have wandered, passed or settled beneath it. The Armenian poets long believed that the wonderful mysteries of its summit might never be surveyed by human eyes, and all thought of sealing Ararat was considered almost in the light of sacrilege. The Armenians have also held that they are the first people after the flood, the immediate descendants of Noah, so to speak; for the first village that Noah founded after abandoning the Ark was Nakhitchevan, so Armenian thinks, that his people were the first race of men to grow up in the world after the flood.

"The name Ararat means 'high' The Persian name for the mountain, Koh-i-Nuh, means 'Noah's mountain' It has been determined by the natives that the Garden of Eden was placed in the valley of the Araxes, a valley which at the present time enjoys blessing that go far toward strengthening its wonderful claim. Noah's wife was buried in this valley near the mountain, and grapes are still grown there, whose vines are the direct descendants of vines planted by Noah.

"Ararat was first [climbed] by [the] German, Parrot, in 1829. The success of his undertaking is said to have given a rude shock to the Armenian churchmen, who strongly advised against the prying into the sacred mountain's summit secrets. The climb has been made by quite a number of high tourists' since. among them be[ing] Mr. James Bryce, the noted British diplomat. The ascent is said to be an easy one for the experienced mountaineer."

Subscribe for The Progress.

MINE BOSS AT COALPORT SHOT BY DRUNKEN MAN

Mike Detronyak of Sunshine Mines, is In Serious Condition

Mike Detronyak, second mine boss at the Sunshine mine near Coalport, was shot and seriously injured by John Noversk, who made good his escape.

According to reports from Coalport, Noversk had been drinking heavily for several days, and was under the influence of liquor at the time of the shooting. No motive for the act is known ,but it is supposed that he became involved in an altercation with the mine boss over some imaginary grudge.

Dteronyak is in a serious condition, and it is feared that his wound may prove fatal.

The Coalport authorities have notified the police all over the county of the shooting, and Noversk's apprehension is probably before he can leave the district.

HEAVYWEIGHTS TO MIX IT AT EARLY DATE, IS RUMOR

Willard willing, and Coffee and Moran Seem Probable Candidates for Belt

Neither of Them Will Have Much Chance With the Big Kansan, but Fight May be Arranged.

BY GEORGE R. HOLMES
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

New York ,Sejt. 21—A heavyweight championship battle is in the offering. The recent assertions of Tim Jones, manager of Jess Willard, that his charge was ready to meet any heavy in the world provided a sufficiently large purse, and a suitable place for the battle, could [be arra]nged, was the first feeler. T[he sec]ond was the matching of Fran[k M]oran, the Pittsburg heavy, who recently returned from Paris and Jim Coffey, the Irish mastadon, to do battle for ten rounds at the garden on Oct. 19.

There isnt a whole lot of question any more that these two men are the most eligible to meet the big Kansan, Coffee. bceause of his size, gets a bid, and oran has to be considered because he once gave Johnson a tough fight and because he is right now in his prime. Whether either of the men are capable of making things interesting for Willard is a matter that has as many sides as the who-started-the-war wheeze.

Moran is cleverer with his two fists that Willard, a fact generally admitted. But so was Jack Johnson, Moran is handicapped by a comparatively short stature—at least compared with the Giant Willard, and also he is outweighed by about 25 pounds, a monumental handicap in a long fight. Moran beat Bombardier Wells, a man who while not a champion, was considered one of the best in the division a few years ago. And Wells is no dwarf. Willard adherents claim that Jess would hold Moran off with his left arm and kill him with his right, which is hooted at by Moran supporters. One thing certain, however, he ever foughet in his life to whip the he ever fought in his life to whip thee champion.

Coffey's size is his chief claim to fame. There, at least, he would be Willard's equal. or nearly so. And the big Irishman has improved all around in the last year.

The match at the Garden between this pair should be a bird. Each has something to fight for—a chance at the title if he wins. and that should be incentive enough to make 'em battle their heads off. Coffey's size is offset somewhat by Moran's cleverness so there won't be any great advantage either way.

ITALIAN CHAPLAIN FIGHTS IN TRENCH WITH HIS CHARGE

Sings Them to Victory, and is Killed By Austrian Bullet As He Utters Prayer

Giennuzzi Bids Fair to Become One of Italy's Immortals When the Great War is Over.

BY ALICE ROHE
United Press Staff Correspondent

Rome, Aug. 25: (by mail) —"The singing chaplain of Kingdom come" they called him up in the blood drenched valley of the Isonzo. For when the Austrian bullets were shrieking past and the shrapnel was tearing human lives into shreds and bombs were making a writhing hell of that mountain paradise, the little Chaplain or Castellano was calling to the men who were fighting to think of the Greater Kingdom of Italy and to the men who were falling to think of the still Greater Kingdom to com.e

In between battles the little priest from Castellano, who was one of the first to offer his services as an army chaplain, used to sing as the bersaglieri and the other soldiers had never heard singing. Sometimes his eyes grew dim as he thought of his parish in Castellano and his singing school founded in honor of the great Vatican music master Perosi, where he taught the boys of Castellano to sing the beautiful church music. Pieworshipped. Giannuzzi was one of the —— rgeiment left behind him one of the accomplished ambitions of his life a real singing school, when he marched away for the war. But when he saw the stars upon his arm he said he had done a bigger thing, he had seen a great bond woven between the country he loved and the church he worshipped. Giennuzzi was one of those brave priests who had suffered long when dissensions between church and state made the duty of Italian clergy obscure. When he marched to war he typified the spirit of religious Italy, bound to the church but bound to the Patria by blood ties.

All the soldiers loved this brave little chaplain who was always there to give the saving rites to the soldiers who fell.

The first Sunday that Giannuzzi celebrated mass on the battlefield and on "redeemed" Italian soil, before one of the portable army altars supplied Italy by the Pope, when he saw the Italian soldiers gather round worshipping the church and state in one, as he said, his prayer had been answered. Then he hurried away to help some poor fellow cross the divide into Kingdom come.

"Don't be afraid of Austrian bullets —think of Kingdom come," he cried while the officers endeavored to dissuade him from taking so many chances.

But the army chaplain whose thoughts are of his country and of his religion finds his place beside the men who are falling. And Giannuzzi was always near the front.

"They wouldn't kill a priest" gasped a young soldier from Tivoli, his lung pierced by an Austrian bullet. The chaplain was bending over him and the last rites of the church were being given the dying boy when a bullet flying true and certain struck him. He died there on the battlefield with the sacred words of the church on his lips—the first Italian army chaplain to fall.

HOSPITAL BRIDGE CLUB TO MEET AGAIN TMOORROW

Has Had Success During Season in Effort to Raise Funds for Hospital

The Hospital Bridge club which has been held once every two weeks at the homes of the ladies who have been willing to give their houses for the purpose of raising enough money for purchasing and operating an x-ray machine has met with much success. The meeting will be held at the home of M.rs B. M. Fast tomorrow and the ladies would like a full attendance. The jitney will leave the court house at 2.10 .

A. B. Shaw Is Called To Last Reward at Early Hour Today

Old and Respected Citizen Passes Aw[ay] Peacefully At Home On West Front Street at 8:00 A. M.

CAME SUDDENLY FROM HEART FAILU[RE]

A. B. Shaw, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Clearfield county, died at an early hour this morning, at his home on Front street aged 85 years. Heart failure was the cause of his death. His body was found by his daughter, Miss Clara Shaw, when she went into the library to call her father to breakfast. He was sitting upright in his chair, with his head inclined forward, as if asleep.

Mr. Shaw was apparently in good health yesterday, when he attended to his business as usual. Rising this morning about 7:30 he opened the windows of the house and went to the library to await breakfast. He had not been gone more than ten minutes before his daughter went to the libary to call him. As he did not answer she went in and found him sitting on a rocking chair as if asleep. She discovered that he was dead and summoned Dr. Piper. After an examination it was announced that he died of heart trouble and had not been dead more than two minutes before he was found.

Mr .Shaw was the son of the late Hon. Richard Shaw, at one time associate judge of Clearfield county. He was born in Clearfield county November 12, 1830. He received his education in the district schools and the Clearfield Academy, after which he became a clerk in his father's store and later interested in the lumber business with his father. In 18[illegible] he opened up a general lumber and mercantile business in Shawville, in which business he continued for 22 years, returning to Clearfield in 1875. He soon became interested in the coal business and up to the time of his death was one of the largest individual coal land owners in the county.

In 1877 Mr. Shaw was elected to succeed his father on the board of directors of the County National bank, and in 1882 was elected vice president of the bank, which position he help up to the time of his death.

Mr. Shaw was united in marraige to Miss Agnes Aurand in 18[illegible] to which union were born 11 children, 10 surviving him. His wife died in 1903 and his daughter Gussie E. in infancy. He is survived by Mrs. J. R. Nevling, Mrs. Joan Bailey, Mrs. H. B. Fulford, Mrs. Frank Leipold, Charles M., and Clara W. Shaw, all of Clearfield and Mrs. Charles [illegible] of Philadelphia, Edgar and Calvin B., of Shawville ,and Mrs. William P. Kelley, of Pittsburg.

Mr. Shaw was a life long member of the Methodist Episcopal church.

At a special meeting of the directors of the County National bank this morning a committee on resolutions wa sappointed, the report of which will be made at a later date.

Announcements of the funeral services have not been made public but will be published in tomorrow's paper.

Germany Wants Flag Painted Larger On All Neutral Ships

Bernstorff Asks State Department to Make Wishes Known to Shipping Men-- Now Obscure to Submarine

GERMANS BEGIN BATTLE FOR DVINSK

(By United Press)

Washington, Sept. 21.— Germany today advised American ship owners to paint bigger American flags on ships that traverse the war zone. The advice was communicated by Ambassador Bernstorff to the state department which issued this statement: "The department is in receipt of a communication from the German ambassador to the effect that he has been advised by his government that the merchant vessels which desire to show their neutral allegiance by painting their national colors on the side often make the mistake by having these distinguishing signs so small they cannot be made out from a distance. The German government suggests therefore, that the matter be brought to the attention of the American ship owners in their own interest.'

DVINSK ATTACKED

Berlin ,Sept. 21.—The outer defenses of Dvinsk blocking the road to Petrograd have been under heavy attack by German artillery for more than 36 hours. The civil population is evacuating the city. The battle for the Dvinsk bridge here is about to begin. Only meagre dispatches have been received here regarding the fighting southeast of Vilna. The Russians in the region eats of [illegible] attempting to check [illegible] troops. It is admitted that the German progress has been somewhat delayed by repeated Russian counter attacks delivered with great vigor.

MRS. McCOY DIED

Msr. J. C. McCoy, formerly of Clearfield, died at her home in St. Marys yesterday afternoon at [illegible] from a complication of diseases. The deceased was 45 years old, being born at Osceola Mills, Oct. 1[illegible], 1870. The body will arrive in Clearfield this afternoon on the 4:40 B., R. & P. passenger train.

Mrs. McCoy is survived by her husband and daughter [illegible], three sisters, Mrs. Robert Lynn, Mrs. W. M. Veipond, both of Clearfield and Mrs. W. M. Gensler, of Mahaffey, and two brothers Milton Kephart, of Osceola Mills and Willis Kephart, of Houtzdale.

Funeral services will be held from the home of her sister; Mrs. Robert Lynn on South Second street, Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. Dr Bender officiating. Interment will be made in Hillcrest cemetery.

Opening display of Fall and Winter Millinery, all the latest styles, Wednesday [illegible] ...30 to 10 o'clock [illegible] ...R. Ja...er, Re[illegible]

The Hyde City Union Sunday School will give a box social on the school lawn at Hyde City Saturday evening, September 25, at 7 o'clock. Ice Cream and coffee will be served.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Averge Daily Circulation, January 1, 1915, to May 31, 1915,		2465
ANALYSIS:		
Borough of Clearfield by Carrier and R. F. D.,	1264	
Within 25 mile (shopping) radius in Clearfield County,	659	
Outside 25 mile radius, within County,	202	
Free list, exchanges, correspondents, in Clearfield County	82	
Total in the County,	2207	
Total, all classes outside County,	258	2465

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS is now a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, a national institution whose reports govern the sale of millions of dollars of advertising space annually. Upon the completion of the first official audit, a full detailed report will be published.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1915.

COLORED COTTON ON THE BUSH.

A South Carolinan claims to have grown cotton of light brown, yellow green, warm tan, olive green and bronze colors, and to expect to produce black cotton in the near future. Luther Burbank, the California plant wizard, has been interviewed on the subject and expressed the opinion that black cotton will not be produced in this generation, if at all. Of course the question to be determined by future event is whether South Carolina has another plant wizard as great or greater than Burbank. In any case everybody, except perhaps representatives of the dyeing industry, will be disposed to wish the Southern experimenter success.

If cotton naturally colored in all shades can be produced, not only will our dyestuffs problem caused by the European war be solved, but we shall have cotton goods in much more beautiful tints than those created in the chemist's laboratory. For in such matters art is ever shamed by nature, the secrets of whose coloring process are still to be revealed. A further gain is promised by the fact that nature's colors, unlike dyes, are all "fast" and never "run." If nature can indeed be induced to do a great part of our dyeing by her own surpassingly perfect methods, one of the very greatest of the triumphs of the modern scientist will be recorded. Cotton naturally colored in all tints would be so great a triumph, in fact, that the possibility is scarcely believable. But the South Carolina experimenter should continue in his work, assured of the world's good wishes.

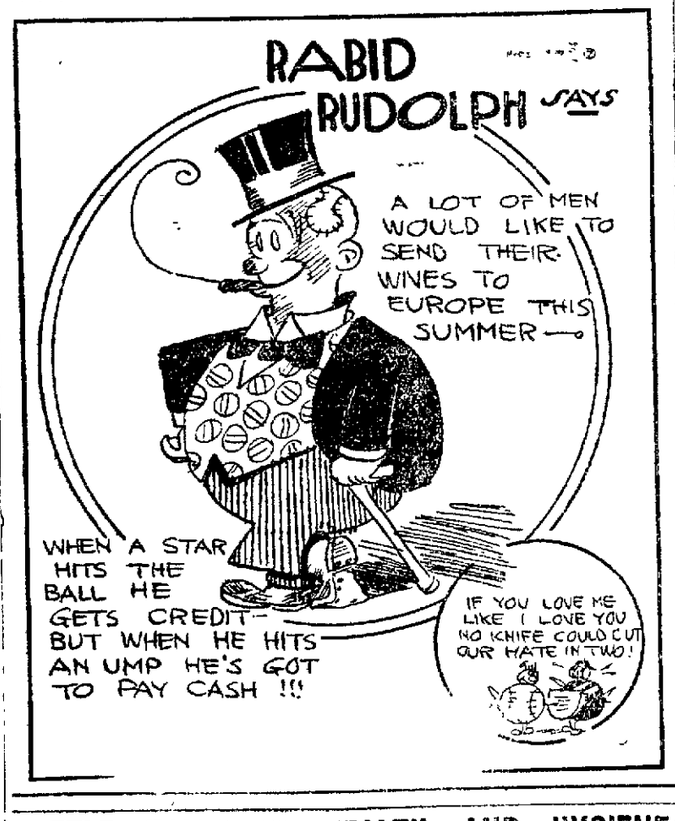
WHEN A MAN IS "DECENTLY" CLOTHED.

A metropolitan newspaper has told the story of an outfit in clothes selected for a young man by two young women which has doubtless been accepted by not a few economical bachelors of Clearfield as a warning that it is safer to go shopping alone. It sems that the young man was careless in his dress, that his friends expostulated to no purpose, and that finally the two young women took upon themselves the duty of clothing him "decently." He rashly consented to pay the bills if they would go the rounds of the tailors and outfitters with him and do the selecting, and this is the list of their purchases:

Two suits of evening clothes	$180.00
One Tuxedo	45.00
Two opera hats	20.00
Two silk hats	18.00
Two derby hats	10.00
One soft hat	6.00
One frock coat	40.00
Six pairs of fancy grey trousers	72.00
Six white Mercerized linen vests	48.00
1 morning dress, cutaway coat and vest	50.00
Three cutaway suits, mixed goods	150.00
Two riding suits, extra breeches	100.00
Two pairs evening shoes	18.00
Two pairs patent leather Oxfords	16.00
Two pairs black calf shoes	16.00
Two pairs black calf Oxfords	16.00
One pair russet storm shoes	7.00
Two pairs riding boots	32.00
One dozen evening dress shirts	36.00
One dozen fancy colored shirts	30.00
One dozen negligee shirts	40.00
Three dozen assorted collars	12.00
Three dozen pair cuffs	18.00
Two dozen suits silk underwear	256.00
Four dozen silk socks	96.00
	$1.331.00

Lavishness was expected, but it is a surprise to find it including three dozen pairs of detached cuffs, in view of fashion's dictum that the well-dressed man shall wear only shirts with attached cuffs. Was the large supply of this supposedly superfluous article added merely because of the determination to lay in a stock of everything in sight? Be that as it may, the complete list gives the average conservatively garbed citizen a rather startling impression of the feminine idea of what a decently clothed man needs at a given time—with additions, of course, on a similar scale for every change of season and style.

It is stated that the social status of the young man who paid these bills is of the best and that he is employed at a remunerative salary, but that he is by no means wealthy. It is not necessary to be told further that if he had any intention of proposing to either of his two obliging lady friends that shopping trip caused him to change his mind.



LITTLE TALKS ON HEALTH AND HYGIENE

By Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D.

During the year, probably 200,000 people in the United States will contract typhoid fever. The average period of invalidism will be more than a month for every case developing, so that the economic loss, even if recovery does ensue, can be reckoned upon this basis, including at the same time the care and attention required Of those who contract the disease, possibly 18,000 will succumb. 50 per cent. of these will be between the ages of 15 to 35 years, the very time of life when the loss is most frightful. Moreover, this is an annual toll and represents the minimum fatality which we have attained. No sooner is the computation of the 18,000 completed than another series is begun, and so on interminably. True there is some diminution in the total number, the death rate since 1900 having been diminshed by half, and most of our cities showing a progressive reduction in the incidence of the discase, but it still remains much higher than that of countries which we are apt to consider less civilized than our own.

Fingers, Flies and Filth

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth. It can only be contracted by taking into the system the waste products of one previously ill of the disease. These waste products are conveyed from one individual to another usually by means of a third object, such as water, flies or milk. Even if disease itself were never contracted in htis manner we should revolt at the abhorrence of the idea of such uncleanliness. For every case of the infection developing, someone, either the municipality or the individual, has been careless as criminal. In the eyes of the health officer typhoid fever is strictly a preventable disease, invariably originating from an antecedent case, and contracted in a most loathsome manner.

Typhoid Fever a Fact, Not a Theory

Our scientific knowledge of the disease is most complete. For thirty years the causative organism has been known and studied. Its habitat has been surveyed, the associating organisms classified, and the many facts relating to the life of the bacillus fully recorded. For nearly twenty years we have been in possession of most delicate blood tests for the recognition of the disease, tests which are not only of great diagnostic worth but which should actually assist in the prevention of the infection. Our knowledge of the dissemination of the disease, in both its epidemic and endemic forms, is consequently exact and definite. Not content with accomplishments along these lines the medical profession, in view of the continued morbidity, has even devised methods by which the public may continue to live under insanitary conditions with perfect impunity, so far as this particular disease is concerned. In other words, persons may take into their systems the filth which produces disease and death and yet, if the preventative treatment has been received, apparently remain free from harmful effects.

Eighteen Thousand Deaths per Annum

In spite of these efforts and accomplishments the frightful mortality continues and the disease this year will again usher 18,000 victims to their graves. Plainly, the practical application of our knowledge is far and away behind the scientific data in our possession, and a large proportion of the population is ignoring the very principles which have been so well established. For this reason, health officres realize that further steps toward prevention must be the result of more general enlightenment and the better education of the mass of the people.

Typhoid Abolition a Community Matter

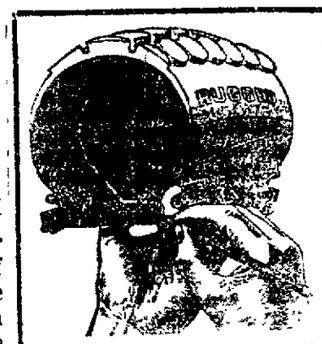
The avoidance of the infection rests primarily upon community action. The proper protection of water supplies, the eradication of filth and all its accompaniments, the attainment of a decent standard in the disposal of excremetatious material, the regulation of dairies and the safeguarding of milk are all problems which only communities as a whole can settle. Nevertheless, this does not absolve the individual citizen from responsibility, and he can do much for his own protection.

Clean Up!

The eradication of filth is in part the duty of every citizen, and each should see that his own surroundings are in a satisfactory condiiton. He should guard against carelessness in the maintenance and preparaiton of food and withhold his patronage from htose who disregard the rules of cleanliness, remembering that the foods which are most subject to contamination are milk and its products, oysters and vegetables. The role of flies in the dissemination of the infection is now generally recognized. The elimination of such fly-breeding places as garbage, manure and filth is most essetnial, but the proper screening of houses and the adoption of destructive measures are also of great prophylactic value. If, in spite of these precautions, the disease develops, it then becomes the duty of eve yrcitizen to implictly follow the instructions given in order that the safety of others may not be imperiled, bearing in mind the fact that every case of typhoid fever is due to someone's ignorance or carelessness. No higher duty of citizenship than this can be conceived.

OYSTER SUPPER POSTPONED

The Aid Socet yof the West Side Metohdist Epscopal church will hold an oyster supper in the basement on September 30. Those having tickets for the 16th, hold until the 30th. S 14



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30x3½	12.15	13.95	2.70	3.00
32x3½	13.95	16.05	2.80	3.10
33x4	19.90	22.90	2.90	4.35
34x4½	27.05	31.10	5.00	5.55
35x4½	28.25	32.50	5.10	5.65
36x4	21.65	24.90	4.20	4.60
36x4½	28.70	33.00	5.20	5.80

ALL STYLES KLAXON MADE HORNS.

Klaxon, $20. Klaxonet, $15. Klaxet, $9

TWO STYLES HAND HORNS:

Hand Klaxon, $7.50 Hand Klaxonet, $4

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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS ITEMS

GRAMPIAN

J. R. Wriglesworth and wife and daughter Erie, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in DuBois.

Miss Esther Doughman and Roxie Stuller spent Sunday with E. A. Spencer.

V. P. Davis and family left Friday morning in their car for Philadelphia and Yardley to visit with relatives. Blair Rishell went with them to enter George school for another term.

Mrs. W. T. Thorp and son Russell is spending a 10 days visit with relatives in Philadelphia making their trip in their car.

Mrs. E. M. Davs is reported on the sick list.

Misses Lois and Grace McDivitt and Norma Farewell Sundayed with Wava Spencer.

The Primary school opened with an enrollment of 22 scholars.

Grammar school enrolled with 10.

T .L. Wall spent Sunday with E. A. Spencer.

W. C. T. U. was held Sunday evening at Hepburnia with a good attendance a very good programme was rendered the report of the county convention was read by the president.

OSCEOLA MILLS

Miss Edna Hall has resigned her position as saleslady at the store of Baird, Rickenbaugh and company and will laeve on Friday for Lewistown where she has accepted a similar position.

Post Master A. E. Brown, wife and daguhter have returned from a ten days visit at Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Rev. Chas. Wilkinson addressed a large audience of men in the M. E. church on Sunday afternoon and occupied the pulpit at Presbyterian church in the evening. Both services were greatly appreciated by those who heard him. His presentation of the Gospel cannot be misunderstood.

The stork presented Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Kline with twins on Sunday morning. The smile on the face of Grandfather Kline is broader than ever now.

Chas. Dunlap, of Houtzdale, transacted business in town on Monday.

Rev. Ulrich Brumbaugh a Drew Seminary student will deliver a lecture in the Presbyterian church Friday night for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. Subject "Take the Sunny Side of Life."

Maynard Whitney left on Sunday for State College where he has accepted a position in a drug store.

E. L. Evans who has been employed as a mine foreman at DuBois for some time is spending a few days with his family here.

The coach of Dickinson seminary at Williamsport having been injured in a railroad accident in Ohio some time ago was unale to ll his ositon at the opening of the cshool term. Elbridge Brown of this place has accepted the positio nuntil the University of Pittsburg begins their fall term when he wil iresume his studies there as a student of law.

OLANTA

Charles Taylor arrived home Saturday from a few weeks visit in Connelsville.

Miss Elizabeth Dunlap returned to Indiana normal.

Miss Zoe Brown, of Glen Richey, was the guest of her aunt Mrs. T. H. Rowles Saturday.

Floyd B .Bloom left Saturday for Westover,, where he will teach school this term.

Miss N. Woods was shopping in Curwensville Saturday evening.

M. F .Long, of Maple Lawn has gone to his school in Madera, this making his third term there.

Mrs .J. O. Read and Mrs. James McClinsy spent last week in Celarfield. They were witnesses on a case of their camp, theOlanta P. O. of A.

Mrs. C. L. V. Rowles entertained the Mt. Zion O. A. B. class at her home Saturday evening. Refreshments were served and a neat sum was made for the ladies treasury.

Miss Alice Lund left Friday for Pittsburg where she will spend the winter.

WINBURNE

Charles Garfinkle has completed his ourse at the Lancaster Business college and arrived home Sunday last.

The Slavish people held a picnic in the Avondale park Saturday, September 18. There was also a large parade in the morning.

The new stact road has been completed and adds greatly to the appearance of the town.

Millard Bloom has entered the Philipsburg High school.

Hennes Garfinkle left for Cleveland, Ohio, on business.

Emil Jaswick is at home after a six month trip through the west. No more west for Emil.

The hospital will be glad to receive any donations of vegetables and any fine preserves. Any person who wishes to make such donations can obtain jars and glasses at the hospital.

WASHINGTON WIG-WAGS BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Mr. Consul Gottschalk needn't kick because it takes 107 days to get a letter from the U. S. to Brazil. We know a man, not fifty miles from here who swears that $5 he borrowed in 1910 was mailed to us 5 years ago. We haven't received that letter yet.

"The wild, black orange of Corrientes is a sure cure for gamosia," reports Consul Keena from Argentina; and we certainly have to hand it to the consul for scaring up an unheard-of fruit to cure an undreamed-of disease.

Consul Keena also reports that Germany's glass trade with Chile is all broken up by the war. Although it panes us to learn this we can not refrain reminding the German glassmakers that "People who live in Glass houses shouldn't declare war."

Oysters, says the Bureau of Fisheteries, were legal tender when the Indians ruled America. Ah, those must have been the good old days, when a man could march down to the treasury with a shovel and a sack and come home a millionaire.

However there was always the danger confronting a man with a family that his children would eat three or four hundred thousand one-dollar bills when he wasn't looking.

We can almost see the busy little bank clerks shelling nickels.

But, how could a man tell whether he was in a bank or a restaurant? Because the banker didn't wear aprons? Maybe.

WEDDING UNITES TWO NOTED FAMILIES.

New York, Sept. 20.—A large party representing the elite of society in half a dozen cities journeyed by special train from this city to Eastham,ton, L. I., today to attend the wedding of Miss Olga Wiborg and Mr. Sidney Webster Fish. The ceremony was performed in the early afternoon in St. Luke's Church at Eastrumpton and was followed by an elaborate reception and breakfast at the Wiborg country place, The Dunes.

The wedding unites two families of widest social prominence. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs Frank B. Wiborg. The family formerly resided in Cincinnati, but has made their home in Washington and New York since Mr. Wiborg's retirement from business several years ago. Mrs. Wiborg, mother of the bride, was Miss Adeline Moulton Sherman, daughter of Major Hoyt Sherman, the youngest of the Shermans of Ohio, and other noted members of the family of the bride were Senator John Sherman and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

The bridegroom is the son of Stuyvesant Fish and the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. After the death of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Fish became the leader of the "Four Hundred," and until her recent death was the best known woman in New York and Newport society. Stuyvesant Fish, father of the bridegroom, was president of the Illinois Central Railroad for many years. He is a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, governor of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, and another illustrious relative on the groom's side of the family was Hamilton Fish, who was secretary of state under President Grant.

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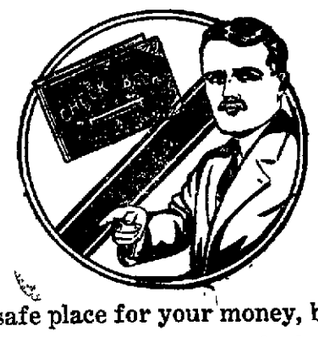

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Broken Coin

A Story of Mystery and Adventure

By EMERSON HOUGH

From the Scenario by Grace Cunard

(Copyright, 1915, By Wright A. Patterson)

Novelized From the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Kitty Gray, newspaper woman, finds in a curio shop half of a broken coin, the mutilated inscription on which arouses her curiosity and leads her, at the order of her managing editor, to go to the principality of Gretzhoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Gretzhoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Sinews of War.

It was touch and go between the two little kingdoms for a time. Their troops had faced each other in the open field. Blood had been shed. Generals had looked other generals in the eye at no great distance. At the lines of contact the imperial rulers of the two countries had been within earshot one of the other.

Yet they parted now. Why? The trumpets sounded the recall, even as the leaders were awaiting the summons for the charge. Why? At least one ruler had been eager for the assault, yet did not advance his troops. Why? The other, vacillating as ever of soul, none the less had been upon the battle front itself, whether or not his courage had been more than temporary. He now retired. Why?

The answer to all those questions lay in the hands of the young American girl. Sundered, the two halves of the divided Gretzhoffen coin still pleaded for reunion. One lay in the grasp of another. Had either kingdom on this day owned them both, war would have ensued.

Cortislaw of Grahoffen, old as he was, none the less was in respect of martial nature far in advance of the weak ruler of Gretzhoffen. Michael had come to the rescue not so much to save Count Frederick from danger as to save Count Frederick for himself. He needed Frederick's courage. Not so Cortislaw, who retired to his own city fuming and full of ire. Evil was that hour for the courtiers of Grahoffen, and worst of all for the unfortunate Sachio, who had promised so much for his sovereign and himself, and who had come so far short of the measure of his promises.

"Believe me, my good friend Sachio," exclaimed Cortislaw, when at length that crestfallen individual was brought before him. "Your failure to bring me the missing half of the coin has well-night cost me my dignity and you your life. I will not longer suffer such disappointments at your hands."

"Your majesty," began Sachio, but the other raised a hand.

"We are at the brink of war now—at any moment war may be forced on us, whether we like it or not. I did not think Michael would march, but he has shown that under certain circumstances he not only can but will. If we delay we lose all the advantages of the initiative. None can tell what yonder Count Frederick will do, for at least he does not lack courage. And now he will be eager for revenge against us for the danger in which we have placed him."

"It was a danger shared by all those who engaged in the struggle for the coin," said Sachio. "We had it

Convinced Count Frederick the Room Was Empty.

in our own hands. We brought it to the very [illegible] of our throne; it was in our country when they took it once more."

"You and those [illegible] were persons that had no more at stake than you have, Count Sachio," broke in Cortislaw, with the cold wrath his officers knew so well. "Have they more reason for success than you? Are they of greater wit than yours? By the Lord, if those things be so, this time we had better wits about us than such as yours."

Sachio bowed his head, but found no speech in answer and the king went on:

"Listen now."

He beckoned about him other officers of his court, and held out before him in his palm the half coin which had come into his possession. "See what this says—it talks of treasure—treasure! We know that the Gretzhoffen treasure is enormous—we know that it is concealed in the torture chamber, whatever or wherever that may be. Beyond that we know no more. It is the other half of the coin alone that can tell us what we cover now. This half but whets our anger until we have the mate for it.

"Now, my noblemen, you who pretend to serve me and this people, [illegible] you—[illegible] half coin, or your resignations—or your heads."

His officials left him, all in a state bordering upon consternation, for they knew that this king was not one soon forgetful of his hatred or his revenge. They laid their heads together, Sachio desperately anxious now, and tried their best to formulate some plan. All they could conclude was that the coin had found its way back to Gretzhoffen once more in the possession of the persons who so stoutly had defended it.

Meantime these were far away as time had allowed them. The walls of Gretzhoffen sheltered now both Kitty Gray and Roleau. Close behind these rode King Michael at the head of his troops, at his side the man whose danger had called him forth—none less than Count Frederick himself.

"My dear count," exclaimed Michael in his own very pretty opinion of his prowess, "all is well that ends well. Did you not note the speed with which we came to rescue you? Was it not all magnificent?"

"Yes," replied the count. "The wit of yonder girl—her courage—they were indeed magnificent."

"Her wit? Her courage?"

"Pardon, your majesty, but was it not those things which brought you to our rescue? How else could you have known of our stress? It was she who carried the news—she, I doubt not, who also carries the coin."

"The coin? What coin? Why do you speak of it?" demanded Michael in a certain surprise. "We have that half coin in our own possession—or at least have supposed so—surely did have it but the other day. You have one half, have you not, and I the other? If either half be missing, at least I do not know where it is."

"It is in Grahoffen town this minute in every likelihood," exclaimed Count Frederick, careless of any consequences that might arise if his counterfeiting were discovered. "We had a half, that equally is sure, in our hands in the mountain fight. The young woman and myself gave it in keeping of her servant, the man Roleau—a stout fellow and a desperate fighter, as more than one of yonder army might attest."

"And where is he now?"

"That is what I cannot say," rejoined the count. At the time the danger of conflict ended I turned to find him, and he was gone, as you know. We agreed that those two, Roleau and his mistress, would meet as soon as possible. My own fear is that the young woman will take ship at any time and sail for home. With her goes the secret, for very likely Roleau would go with her."

"I do not share your fears, my dear count," he said. "In my own belief the young woman will not be so apt to leave the palace presently."

"Leave the palace?"

"Yes, she was in the charge of my people there even as I started out with the troops. I am thinking that a palace is a safer place than a ship for a young woman who is a stranger in a strange land—a beautiful young woman.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In the Name of the Law.

As for Roleau, now object of solicitude on the part of a nobleman and even a king, he was experiencing further adventures of his own. As soon as he had made his escape from the field where the three had so nearly met disaster, he made such speed as he could after Kitty, who, as he knew very well, would hasten as fast as might be to find some hiding for herself and the coin.

But where was she now? That he could not guess, for he had no means of learning that Kitty had been left in the palace of the king. Rather, he supposed that she would be at the hotel which she had made her residence. He bent his own steps thither as rapidly as might be.

He met only coldness at the office at that stately caravansary, the Ritz, where both he and his mistress, save for the intercession of the king, before this would have been set out in the streets bag and baggage.

"Mademoiselle the young American excellency?" he asked of the clerk at the desk. "She is at home today?"

"We know nothing of mademoiselle, the young American excellency," replied that worthy coldly. "She left no announcement of her plans when she departed. She has not returned."

"Are you sure as to that?" demanded Roleau, nonplused as to what next to do.

"I am not here to make guesses on such things," rejoined the clerk. "I know nothing, and that is something."

"Nothing is enough for one of your kind to know," replied Roleau blandly. He might perhaps have engaged in still more truculent conversation with the clerk, had he not at that moment felt a hand laid on his arm.

He turned to face a sergeant of gendarmes, who drew him to one side.

"In the name of the law, you are my prisoner," said the man. "Come with me."

"On what charge then, monsieur?" demanded Roleau coolly. "It is my right to know something of that, I fancy."

"The charge is murder, as you know," said the sergeant. "The same on which you were just in charge. I am to warn you once more that what [illegible] you say may be used against you at the trial.

"At the trial?" exclaimed Roleau. "I thought that was all dismissed. Did we not have the king's excuse to leave? The king himself set free my master and my mistress."

"Both your employers?" grinned the sergeant.

"I am servant of both, and certainly if either went free then so should I. Is that not true?"

"It is far from true," returned the gendarme grimly; you will see how far. Murder was committed yonder by someone, as you know. You saw it—said that you saw it. The law does not set such witnesses free."

"[illegible]ing sets free whom he pleases in this land," rejoined Roleau. "I shall tell my mistress of this."

"Do so," laughed the gendarme, "a rick jest enough. But first find your mistress."

Roleau found this a proposition difficult of present answer. Others of the police closing in upon him, he went with them now peaceably as he might, to the tribunal where someone must answer for the recent crime.

The prefect greeted him grimly enough, yet with a certain exultation in his mien. It was necessary in that country, as in others, that a victim should be found for the law. Perhaps in that country more than in many others, it mattered little who that victim might be.

"So we have you again, Messer Roleau?"

"And why, may I ask your honor?" rejoined Roleau, innocently. "I was away, true, on business in other lands—business connected with my country's welfare. Having concluded that matter I returned fast as I might, and here I am."

"Criminals always come back to the scenes of their murder," asserted the prefect pompously.

"Is that true? I did not know it. As for me, I have done no crime. I was simply looking after my mistress' affairs in her room—her excellency, the young American, who is so high in the king's good will."

"That is all very well, very well, but it is not enough, as you will see," rejoined the prefect. "The king did not set you free."

"Only because the king had not yet heard from my mistress. Give me leave to bring the two together—and that may be done— and she will set all right at once. Ask her."

"I do not need to ask her. The king has set for me the task of finding yonder murderer. I must fill that task. I have done so now."

"What—myself—I am suspected of that crime! Your honor, that is impossible. There has been no proof of any crime."

"Send to the king," he added, catching a glimpse of uncertainty on the face of the prefect. "Send to my mistress. I claim that right under the law."

"I send to the king?" demanded the prefect blustering. "Why should I? I can control the process of the law without troubling royalty with details of that sort."

"But suppose there are consequences. These are ticklish times, believe me, your excellency. I have seen blood deeds done today. When a king goes to war—and our king may go before long—the life of an officer left behind is worth no more to him than that of a good fighting man taken with him to the front. Perhaps as between your honor and myself—"

The official took counsel with his own caution for a moment.

"I will myself go to the palace," said he at length. "To be sure, we cannot be too careful in the attaining of the ends of justice. If I cannot gain access to the king, I shall at least have made the attempt. If I can have an audience, I shall put something of this case before him myself. We wish not to meddle too intimately in affairs of which we do not know. But if the king disavows you—"

CHAPTER XLV.

The Chamber of Horrors.

Arrived presently in the royal palace and in the company not only of Count Frederick, but of yet other noblemen and officials, King Michael relaxed his martial front under the warming influence of the wine on which he so much relied.

"They fled," he exclaimed again and again, boastingly, as he referred to the scenes which but now he had left. "They fled before us like sheep, my dear count. With myself to lead the army—and you at my side—what chance would they have? They knew they had none, and took counsel of their wisdom for once. If they remain in that counsel, surely they will stay behind their own walls, and not give offense to our country. We would annihilate them. A half hour more and we would have plundered their city today. Their treasure would have been ours!"

"What treasure, your majesty?" inquired Count Frederick coldly. "Would we go to war for that?"

"For what else?" smiled the king.

"For liberty, justice, freedom, your majesty."

"Tut! tut! where do you get those terms? A monk speaks! But listen did we not march to your rescue?"

"Yes, your majesty, I am not unmindful and not unthankful. But still we lack the clue which alone can make war possible or desirable—the clue which alone has back of it motives worthy of a king and of a people."

"Well, well, what does all this mean then?" rejoined Michael, irritated "Where do we arrive? What is it that you ask?"

"I can ask no questions and answer none, until we have found once more the young American, your majesty."

King Michael smiled in self-satisfaction at last.

"Ah, well, that is easy," said he. "I have said that she is, or should be here in this palace. It is true she brought me the news of your plight."

Count Frederick waited for no change in the royal will, but bowed himself from the room. Inquiry found for him presently the waiting woman in whose care Kitty had been placed, and together they approached the room where she had been left, some hours before, to her own devices.

They knocked, knocked again, and yet again—but got no answer. The woman at length opened the door with her own key. Her sudden exclamation convinced Count Frederick that the room was empty.

"I Warn You—the Other Half of This Coin or Your Heads!"

"She is up to her tricks," exclaimed he to himself. "Now I wonder—"

He did not pause to ask much of the waiting woman, but hurried away down the hall, intent on certain plans of his own.

He must find her, must see her at once. He had no real idea as to which course Kitty had taken after leaving the room, but alone after a time, he walked more slowly, he could not say why. Something came to his senses, as first not recognized—a faint scent—a perfume which it seemed to him he had known before—the perfume of violets, faint, indefinite, fragrant.

He found himself at length in a narrow hallway from which there were no side passages. It led him deeper back into the palace, its trend continually downward. Thus finally he found himself in the self-same subterranean tunnel which Kitty earlier had discovered.

"She was searching for the torture chamber!" said he to himself, with sudden conviction. "That is why she came here!"

He came at length to the great door which closed the passageway. Yes, in the dust before him were footprints, and in the dust on the door itself were finger prints! The silence and secrecy of ages had been broken within the hour.

He pushed open the door—pushed it until it met some obstruction—something which lay vaguely white upon the floor. He turned downward the flare of his light—started back from what he saw.

She lay at his feet, unconscious, helpless—dead, for all he could tell. He bent over her, doubt, terror in his eyes, and reached out his hand.

She stirred under his touch. Her eyes opened, looked into his. What she saw bending over her was the face of her enemy.

"Who is it?" she cried. "Loose me—leave me! Where am I?"

She caught her hands to her face now as there came to her once more the terror of what she had seen. She dared not look about her. "Take me away!" she moaned. "Take me away!"

He made no answer for a time.

"Why have you followed me here?" she demanded at last, half hysterically.

He spoke now, slowly, almost solemnly.

"Why?" said he. "I do not know why. I think it must have been because you were in trouble. Perhaps you called me—perhaps that is why I came."

"What do you mean? Would you taunt me now, at such a time? I have been frightened almost to the point of death—it was terrible."

"Come," said Count Frederick, and placed about her an arm on whose strength, in spite of herself, she was glad to lean.

He was guiding her toward the door. She turned and saw again that which but now had smitten her with terror. Her nerves, weakened by the long strain upon them, gave way once more.

The flare of the candle lighted up the cavernous interior at whose entrance they stood. Count Frederick saw what she had seen.

On the walls stood out hooks, steel arms which supported eyeless, grinning skulls—old—how old no one could tell. Beyond arose rods and gratings, barbed, pointed, curved. An iron chair was in a corner, and in it

It was the torture chamber, the room of terrors, born of other years more savage than these, and brought down unchanged through all the centuries!

"Come," said Count Frederick, his own voice agitated. "It is no time to think of any treasure now, but you—yourself!"

He caught her away swiftly into the other passage, and flung the door shut behind them. In silence he led her along the subterranean passage and up the stairs.

He left her once more alone in her own room, to compose herself as best she might, while he went on to rejoin the king.

"So, then, you found her, faithful messenger?" demanded Michael.

"Yes, your majesty, at length. She was but strolling about to pass the time during your absence. While I know little of such matters, it seems to me that the trials of the day have been extreme for her."

King Michael ended by asking the attendance of the young woman herself; but it was just at this juncture that there arrived at the palace none less than the prefect of police, who made suppliance through several court official for admittance to audience with royalty.

"He says," ventured the last chamberlain, "that he comes regarding the murder at the Ritz hotel, in which your majesty was graciously pleased to be interested."

"Yes, yes—my dear Count Frederick, it was absurd that you should be mixed in that—or the young American—I have not had time to think of it since then. What is all this now? Bring the man in."

And so presently the prefect, abashed and much perturbed, was admitted.

"Well, well," demanded the monarch, "what is it—why do you come here?"

"For only one reason, your majesty," began the prefect humbly. "We are convinced that there is more than chance medley in this murder. The thing goes deeper than we thought at first."

"Have you no suspect?"

"One, your majesty, a person of no importance, by name Roleau."

"How now, count?" Michael turned to the nobleman who still stood near. "What think you of this matter?"

"Count Frederick considered for a moment before he replied.

"Set him free," said he at length. "Watch him. He will lead us to something perhaps. Be sure that once he is loose he will not be at rest for long."

"An excellent idea," said Michael.

Michael turned now to the matters closer to his heart—the welfare of the young American, whom he had not seen since his return to the palace. Even now she waited for admission to his presence, and he had her summoned at once.

"What! mademoiselle," cried Michael, "you are pale. You have not yet fully recovered—you have been ill?"

"Yes, your majesty," replied Kitty, smiling somewhat wanly. He now noticed that the serving woman at her side carried her wraps, and that she herself appeared ready for the street.

"What! you mean to leave us?" exclaimed he. "What does this mean?"

"Your majesty," said Kitty, "graciously allow me my absence for the time. I must return to my hotel."

It was with deep relief that finally Kitty found herself once more freed of the royal presence and the royal palace. She sped, fast as might be, back to her hotel.

Count Frederick excused himself but a moment later. To the king he announced his intention of returning to his own home. Instead, he made his way also to the Ritz hotel.

The clerk at the hotel was more deferential to the nobleman than he had been to the nobleman's servant a trifle earlier.

"Her excellency, the young American? But now she came—she may be in her room—we shall see. Shall she join you in the parlors, Monsieur le Comte?"

"In the parlors on the floor above," replied Count Frederick, rather vaguely, and passed up the broad stair. But he had certain plans of his own which did not include a public audience with the young American. Instead, he passed boldly down the hall. Before the door at which he would have announced himself he paused. He could not well escape detection if he turned back, for the voices of others came to him down the hall. And in the room beyond the door he heard another voice—apparently she was using the telephone. Yes, it was she. He waited for an instant, and found himself, without intention in possession of what she said.

Kitty at the time, in fact, was telephoning to the headquarters of police asking for knowledge of her servant Roleau. Her voice went on now rapid, staccato.

"Monsieur, he was freed, Roleau—yes, yes—what then? On probation?—yes, I know. He was here—he was followed to the hotel—he was followed

It Was the Torture Chamber—the Room of Terrors!

to the rendezvous of the apaches—yes, yes—by whom?—why? He is there now, perhaps?—Ah, bah! what manner of officers are you? What is your plan in all this—to have him killed by thieves in turn?"

Count Frederick paused to hear no more, but flushed guiltily over his eavesdropping retraced his steps down the hall and sought more decorous means of meeting the young woman whom he wished to see. But even as he did so he reflected that from the detached exclamations he had heard surely she was planning yet other adventures. If Roleau had been here—if he had been followed away by the police toward the thieves' headquarters—surely this undaunted girl would in turn do what she could to rescue him. If so, once more she herself would need assistance.

Count Frederick stepped to one side in the hotel lobby and bided his time. It was as he thought. Before long Kitty hastened through the lobby and out toward the street. Evidently she had paused to make no more than slight changes in her toilet. Beyond question the purpose in her mind was to find Roleau.

Count Frederick strolled toward the desk and nodded pleasantly to the questioning clerk. "Yes," said he, "I was so fortunate—"

He did not pause to say definitely in what way he had been fortunate, but, unhurried, strolled down the steps into the street, intent on nothing so much as upon discovering what Kitty Gray next would do.

It was now a curious train that of those persons engaged in the search for the mysterious coin. Roleau had indeed found an occupant in the room of his mistress when he hastened thither the moment he was released from custody. That occupant, however, was not his mistress, but another—none less than a member of the apache band who had held her apartments under espionage. Roleau, hiding himself, waited for the appearance of the intruder—followed him out from the hall into the street. This had been but the moment before Kitty's return. The prefect had ordered Roleau's discharge by telephone from the palace, almost as she was leaving, and both she and Roleau had hastened to the hotel.

Now, as Kitty emerged, followed by Count Frederick, yet another one of Blake's underworld band stepped out from his hiding place and followed Count Frederick himself. And all of these, each was in pursuit of the coveted Gretzhoffen coin.

As for Roleau, his man made rapid progress, and it was not long before he had trailed him to the rendezvous of the band which he himself previously had learned. Undaunted, he would have pursued the fugitive to the inner chamber of the rendezvous had not he heard a sound which caused him to pause.

It was at this time that Blake, leader of the band of thieves, chanced to return to the rendezvous. He had passed part way into the subterranean passage when he looked on ahead just in time to see one of his men emerge from the central room and make a spring at an intruder whom he himself at once recognized as the man who at this very scene earlier had given him so desperate a battle—who later had given him into the hands of the law.

Thinking only of revenge now, forgetting the coin, the renegade leader whipped out his revolver and fired point blank at Roleau.

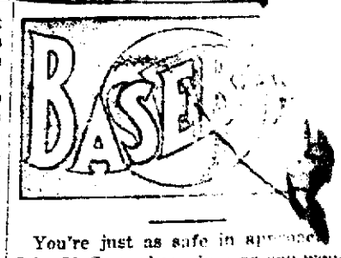
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOCIALISTS TO TAKE UP PROHIBITION.

Chicago, Sept. 20.— The wave of prohibition sentiment that has swept over the country the past few years appears finally to have reached the Socialist party, which heretofore has never given any official recognition to the liquor question. That the party is now undergoing a change is evidenced by the fact that its leaders in Chicago have called a county convention to be held tomorrow to decide upon the position to be taken by the Socialist party regarding prohibition. A lively discussion is expected, as quite a number of the Socialist organizations have instructed their delegates to support the prohibition side of the argument. On the other hand, the representatives of the foreign-speaking element are expected to make a strong effort to prevent the party from taking any position on the question.

SMART BOYS AND GIRLS

can easily earn $10. No hard work. Can be done in spare time. No experience necessary. Write Sporting Life Publishing Co., 36-32-34 S. 3d St., Philadelphia, for instructions how to do it.



You're just as safe in approaching John McGraw these days as you would be under a Zeppelin in England.

The time is fast approaching when we shall be enlightened as to the bright prospects for the Cincinnati Reds in 1916.

That $36,000 offer to "Stuffy" McInnis by the Feds goes to show that some folks are merciless when it comes to beating figures out of a typewriter.

Aside from winning 17 of the 20 games played with the Athletics this year, the Red Sox have not done very much against the Mackmen.

Long after "Gavy" Cravath has retired from the pastime Philly fans will be telling their grandsons of his great four-base wallop against New York with the bases choked.

Bob Bescher, of the Cardinals, says St. Louis has the best grounds to hit on. We always thought as much every time we lamped the visiting team's hit column.

Experters claim that the American league champions, whoever they may be, will walk away with the National league opponents in the world series. They walked away last year, but in the wrong direction.

Detroit has had everything necessary to win a pennant this season except real pitching. The Tigers are 1,000 per cent. fine in batting, run getting and base stealing, but he can't pitch.

Rube Marquard says he refused to go to a minor league because it would seriously hurt his prospects for winter work in vaudeville. It's going to be another tough season on vaudeville patrons.

New York seems doomed to have two second division teams this season. It will be the first time such a catastrophe has befallen Gotham since the Big Town has had two major league outfits.

National league players complain that Umpire Klem says too much and will not permit the players to say anything. A fine chance Bill has to prevent some of the National leaguers from raving.

Is "Buck" Herzog, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, to follow Fred Clarke, the Pirate chief, back to the farm? Recent rumors have it that "Buck" is to hand in his resignation at the end of the season.

With the Phils and Dodgers going at a mad clip, while the star players of the Braves are going on the injured list, world's champs will have to show the speed of a Wallace or a Directum I to cop this year's happiness.

Manager John Ganzel, of the Brooklyn Feds will take a 12,000-mile auto trip from Brooklyn to Honolulu after the close of the season. The distance of John's trip about equals that between his team and the Fed pennant.

Buck Weaver can now give his entire attention to the playing of short for the White Sox, since his Chicago pool room license has been taken from him. Claiming that Buck permitted a mob of crap-shooters to sojourn in his place, the Windy City constable put up the shutters.

As an all-around player George Sisler, of the Browns, is being compared to Jimmy Callahan, former White Sox manager and player. Jimmy says the comparison is all right, but he hopes George will never tackle the job of major league manager.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE

A seven (7) room house, situate on Guelic havenue and West Third street in the borough of Clearfield, with steam heat, electric light, bath and all modern conveniences; size of lot 45 by 183 feet, fronting on two streets, West Third street and Gulich avenue.

This propery will be sold at a bargain to settle up an estate. For further paritculars inquire of A. G. Kramer, Clearfield, Pa.

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makes concrete manure pits that will not leak and will never need repairs. It is the one cement to use for walks, floors, buildings and every similar job, because it is always uniform and extra strong. We *guarantee* ALPHA to more than meet the U. S. Government standard for strength.

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Let us explain how easy and economical it is to use ALPHA, the *Guaranteed* Portland Cement.

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Gossip for Tonight's Tea Table

Miss Katherine Weiser, was a business visitor at DuBois today.

Mrs. Richard Kennard returned yesterday from an auto trip to Altoona and Hollidaysburg.

Mrs. E. A. Bigler entertained at dinner last evening for A. K. Wright and his guests.

John Thaler, of New York had business in town today.

Riley Lytle and Harold Wilson motored to Punxsy and Brookville yesterday .

Mrs. Cameron and Miss Christine Cameron of Peale were shopping in town today.

Raymond Reed left yesterday for Princeton University.

Mrs. John Harder, Mr. and Mrs. Emmott Harder and children are spending the week at Locust Lodge

Miss Agnes Weaver left this evening to visit friends in Pittsburg.

Miss Dorothy Woodward left yesterday for Randoff-Macon college.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Wrigley of Mahaffey, were shopping in town yesterday.

Theodore Mitchell left this morning for the University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Mahon and niece Miss Mayme Rickabaugh, of Lewsitown, who have been visiting A. K. Wright returned to their home today.

Judge Bell and family motored to DuBois today.

Burgess Hobart Callahan has been seriously ill since last Saturday. His condition was somewhat improved yesterday.

Miss Elizabeth Zerfoss left yesterday morning for Mount Holyoke college.

G. W. Woods, of Grampian, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Mrs. L. W. Spencer and Misses Ida and Emma Robison of Curwensville were shopping in town yesterday.

Mrs. E. E. Hunchberger, of Curwensville was visiting in town yesterday.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs. B. M. Fast on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock

ALLEGED FAKER OF CATTLE MEN INDICTED IN BUCKS

Man Said to Have Fleeced Penn Farmer Out of $11 000

Harrisburg, Sept 21.—The grand jury of the September term of Bucks county court returned true bills on ten counts against Harvey S. Bomberger of Palmyra, Pa., who is charged with obtaining money under false pretense. Bomberger represented himself as treasurer of the Pennsylvania State Cattlemen's Protective association, which association it is alleged has no existence except in Bumberger's imagination.

During the past three years he has operated throughout the state and according to his statement has collected about $11,000. He was arrested last February by the Bucks county authorities after having obtained $180 from ten farmers in Bedminster township.

Attorney E. S. Hershey, of Harrisburg, who represents Bomberger, appeared in court and asked for a continuance of the case on the plea of Bomberger's serious illness. The continuance was granted and the case will not be called to trial until the December term.

TO AID POLISH WAR SUFFERERS

Passaic. N. J., Sept. 21 —The Polish National Union, the largest Polish organization in America, is expected to agree upon a comprehensive program to aid in the relief of the Polish war sufferers, at the annual convention of the organization now in session here. Delegates from New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and other sections are in attendance President Louis Koskin, of Scranton, presided at the opening session today

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HERRICK OFFERS A NEW PLAN FOR BIG IRRIGATION WORK

Former Ambassador Outlines Plan Which Will Relieve Heavy Financial Burdens

Advocates Abolition of Short Term Loans and Installments, and Asks Government to Extend Credit for Long Periods.

(By United Press)

San Francisco, Sept. 20.—Speaking, he said, from the standpoint of a banker, Myron T. Herrick made the principal speech today before the International Irrigation Congress. He declared his belief that the principal troubles of irrigation work in the United States are financial.

The present gathering has drawn thousands of delegates, including a dozen governors and representatives of Pan-American countries and Canada. Most of these delegates visited the irrigation projects in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys last ween. Today is "Irrigation Day" at the exposition.

Herrick said the U. S. Reclamation service has built 8,500 milse of canals, enough to reach from Palm Beach, Fla., to Fairbanks, Aslaska and back again; has built dikes, roads, tunnels, drainage, ditches, railroads, electric lines and telephone systems. It sells at cost the excess energy of its hydro-electric plants for heating, lighting and for small domestic and industrial machinery, giving settlers the benefit of modern scientific appliances. There can now be watered, 27,115 farms, totaling 1,343,193 acres. The value of crops on irrigated lands in 1913 was $15,732,600 and of live stock and equipment. $16,484,297. One hundred and fifty-three towns have sprung up. All this practically since 1906 when water first was supplied.

But this great difficulty has accompanied this progress, due he said, to faulty finance. The work should have been done through the issuance of debentures, he declared each project being required to stand good for its own bonds, which should have been redeemed out of a sinking fund created by the installment payments of the land owner .

This method he argued should now be adopted.

"The U. S government may possibly worry along under the present arrangement," he said, "but the land owners can not. Last year they paid 16 per cent. of the returns of their crops to the government. In addition they had to pay water rights and taxes. Unfortunately, too, most of them had to pay six to twelve per cent. interest on the mortgages which they gave for the purchase price of their property. Such a burden would be difficult to bear in old, established communities. In these irrigation projects it becomes insupportable, because it leaves practically nothing to the entryman or assignee for the keep of himself and family.

"Short term for loans or for installment payments should be abolished. The charges against land owners and the financial operations of the Reclamation Service should be converted into long term—50 or 75 years—through some carefully prepared plan of bond or debenture issues. Perhaps it would be best to place the financial operations of collection of the Reclamation Bureau in charge of the Secretary of the Treasury and intrust the collection of dues from land owners to the water users' associations."

This, he said, would make "landschafts" of the water users associations; they would be able to find capital on easy terms for other purposes than paying construction charges; the settlers would be welded into a unity The Reclamation Service would be made more efficient confining itself to engineering and building, with the government acting as umpire over all.

"In this way the government could mobilize its entire investment and make it a revolving fund for carrying on and enlarging its work. There is no reason why the government should not realize on the credit available from this investment."

Such a method of financing and a [illegible] co-operation [illegible] on irrigation pro[illegible] mean the [illegible] of the reclamation work.

A[illegible] GER OF [illegible] IN N. Y.

([illegible] Press)

New York, Sept. 20—Arriving here [illegible] the liner Rotterdam, James F. A[illegible], the correspondent passenger of Austria Hungarian Ambassador Dumba asserted his innocence of any intention to aid the foreign envoy in evading the laws of violating the neutrality of this country. Archibald was met at quarantine by [illegible] of justice. He was not arrested and did not expect to be. The government representative [illegible] just asked one question, Archibald said. Being satisfied with Archibald's answer, he left, but what the question was the correspondent refused to say. [illegible]

LATEST PICTURE OF THE CZAR AND CZAREVITCH WHO ARE DETERMINED TO KEEP UP THE WAR.

A new military photograph of the Czar of Russia and his heir the Czarevitch garbed in the uniform of officers of the Russian army. The young heir to the Russian throne appears a likely youngster who seems to have outgrown his invalidism. He is as imposing appearing a young fellow as one would wish to see.

HARRIMAN-LAWRENCE WEDDING.

Lenox, Mass., Sept. 21 —There was nothing about the wedding of Miss Kittie Lanier Lawrence and William Averall Harriman, which took place in Trinity Episcopal Church here today, to suggest that the bridegroom is heir to one of the largest of American fortunes and is himself a power in the financial and railroad world, despite the fact that he has not yet reached his 24th birthday. The wedding was marked by extreme simplicity, with scarcely more than a score of guests in attendance, and these confined to relatives of the contracting parties. The Rev. William G. Wood officiated at the ceremony. The bride was unattended and her grandfather, Charles Lanier, gave her in marriage. The bride's gown was extremely simple, and she did not even carry a bouquet. The church ceremony was followed by an informal reception at Allen Winden, the Lanier country place. All the employes of the estate and the townspeople were welcomed to the reception without invitation.

DULUTH WELCOMES CLUB WOMEN.

Duluth, Sept. 21 —The brightest minds of the women of Minnesota are assembled in Duluth today for the annual convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. Delegates from every part of the state filled the M. E. Church this afternoon when the first of the general sessions was called to order by the president, Mrs. C. L. Atwood, of St. Cloud Occupying seats on the rostrum were several of the officers of the General Federation and other noted club women from outside the state, who were invited to be the guests of the convention The exchange of greetings, appointment of committees and officers reports occupied the initial session. Daily sessions, with elaborate program of papers, addresses and discussions, will be held until Thursday night. The convention will not be all work, however, for interspersed with the more serious business will be receptions, luncheons, automobile rides and other entertainment.

TO PROTECT INVESTORS.

San Francisco, Sept 21 —The number of bales of beautifully engraved, but wortnless, mining stock certificates unloaded yearly on a gullible public will be greatly reduced in future, providing plans to be [illegible] out [illegible] a convention now in session here [illegible] successfully carried out The convention, which began a two [illegible] session today, is composed of leading [illegible] brokers of [illegible] who [illegible] come together from [illegible] a national [illegible] of the [illegible] mining and [illegible] the [illegible]

Cora[illegible] We[illegible] [illegible] Thursday afternoon at two oclock after an illness of one month. Funeral services were held Friday afternoon from the St. Francis church, Father Ryan officiating. [illegible]

"FAT AND FORTY" DRESSLER LIKES STRENUOUS LIFE

Being Thrown Through A Brick Wall Is A Pastime For The Famous Actress

Being Rolled Under the Spigot of a Molasses Keg Not a Extraordinary Experience for a "Movie Lady."

(By United Press)

New York, Sept 20.—Supposing you were built on rather generous lines—about six feet or so altitudinously and fairly well horizontally—supposing so, how would you like to:

Fall twice off moving automobiles,

Be pushed through a brick wall,

Be yanked up into the air on a steel cable,

Be rolled under the open spigot of a molasses keg,

Jump from a culvert onto the top of a moving freight train,

Jump from the aforesaid moving train into a little box?

Marie Dressler, commedienne, does all these things and a lot of other slightly less bone-breaking stunts in her new movie—and likes them In fact, she is crazy about the movies and insists nevermore for the stage. She is taking a vacation just at present after working out "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" her new six reel laugh producer in which she pulls the stunts enumerated above.

"Yes," she remarked, "those stunts are a little hard on the nerves, and I've accumulated a number of bruises—but there was an awful lot of fun in making the picture In one scene I'm supposed to be pushed through a brick wall Naturally we built that wall with watery mortar, not expecting it to stick together very much But something intervened and we couldn't take that particular scene on the afternoon the brick wall was constructed The next day when we came to filming it, we found the mortar had dried—and I want to tell you that it was a mighty hard brick wall that I was rammed against"

Miss Dressler is a great movie booster and is advising all her stage friends to take up the work She had a private exhibition of her new film at the Gedney Farms Hotel, White Plains, recently, and invited William Courtney and his wife Virginia Harned, Louise Dresser Ethel Barrymore and a [illegible] of other stage stars to witness the film All through the evening she was [illegible] as if she was going through the "first night" of a [illegible] stage [illegible]

[illegible]

"SPUNK" CHEERS INVALIDS AT THE STATE SANATORIAM

Clever Little Magazine Published By Sufferers Contains Much Humor and Originality

Dr. Dixon Encourages Editors, Believing That Publication Does Much to Cheer Unfortunates.

Harrisburg, Sept. 21.—It is said that the French government and private collectors are making an effort to preserve complete files of the newspapers and magazines issued by the soldiers from the trenches. There are many of these publications and unquestionably they will be of great aid to the future historian of the present war.

Odd publications issued circumstances that would seem ordinarily to be sufficient to stifle literary effort, are not uncommon at home or aboard. Of this class of publications, one of the most interesting is Spunk, a magazine of pluck, issued by the patients of the State Tuberculosis Sanatoria at Mont Alto.

According to the editorial announcement it is "A pleasant tonic, prepared especially for the patients of the State Sanatoria but others will do well to try it. It will take that bad taste out of you mouth, the gloomy thoughts out of your mind, and the kink out of your spine. The subscription price is five cents a dose or fifty cents for a full year's supply. P. S. The contents of this magazine are not protected by copyright. All the spunk and sunshine in its pages are free to the press and public.

The pages of this little magazine fairly bristle with cheerfulness. Following is a sample of one of the contributions to the humor section:

"Dear Editor: Will you kindly tell me the quickest way to get to Mont Alto. Bill.

"Dear Bill: We think the quickest way of getting to Mont Alto is by keeping late hours, boozing and smoking cigarettes. Editor."

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Commissioner of Health, believes that this little magazine is a genuine aid in stimulating cheerfulness among the patients of the Sanatoria.

In addition to the literary efforts of the patients, Spunk has interested a number of literary men and women in the country who have contributed to it. Among these are: Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edward W. Bok, Leigh Mitchell Hodges, Helen R. Martin and others.

MAY SPREAD TO U. S.

(By United Press)

London, Sept. 2.—(By Mail.)—Following the "Trench Knee," the "Warrior's Wrist" is the latest soldier malady reported from Northern France.

It's the peculiar affliction of the wrist and elbow caused by wearing of a strap watch with uniform. Ninety per cent. of all the soldiers wears them. Fifty per cent. of the ninety have developed "Warrior's Wrist"—painful at times but not serious.

Frequent glances at the timepieces cause the damage. The arm is flung out with the elbow slightly and the palm of the hand down.

There is a pause and then a reflex motion brings the hand up toward the nose.

It takes three weeks to develop the peculiar muscular strain commonly known as "Warrior's Wrist."

CONGRATULATIONS FOR SAMUEL REA.

Philadelphia, Sept. 21. — Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the recipient of an almost countless number of messages today from friends who offered congratulations on his sixtieth birthday anniversary. For some time Mr. Rea has been confined in a hospital under treatment for a serious ailment and under the circumstances the many greetings received from his friends were all the more gratifying. Mr. Rea was born in Blair County, this state, in 1855. He began work for the Pennsylvania road in 1871 and has been in the service of the company ever since.

SEED WHEAT

Smooth, red seed wheat for sale at Stone House farm. $1 40 bushel. Yield 32 bushels. James Mitchell, Clearfield, Penna.

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THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all Ages

[illegible] infants, invalids and growing children.

Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body.

Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged.

More healthful than tea or coffee.

Unless you say "HORLICK'S" you may get a substitute.

CURWENSVILLE

Hon. William B. Wilson, secretary of labor in President Wilson's cabinet, is visting his sister, Mrs. Alex Dunsmore ,on Meadow street. Curwensvilel has of late years been honored by an annual visit of this distinguished man, and is always glad to have a public man of the honest, sincere type of Secretary Wilson in her limits.

Hon. Don Gingery of Clearfield, was in town last evening.

Ed. Chase was in town yesterday.

The Curwensville Citizens band gave a splendid concert on the bank corner last night to a large and appreciative crowd.

Frank L. Arnold was in Clearfield yesterday afternoon.

H. A. Hunter, of Philpsburg, who represents the Scranton correspondence schools is here and in connection with Mr. Johnson, the local representative is putting in a splendid display of their courses in Daugherty's Hardware windows.

A. Z. Wolf and George Punchios motored to Luthersburg yesterday afternoon on business.

Port Piles is beautifying his property on Ridge avenue with several coats of paint.

The Curwensville Construction company who are building a bridge at Bridgeport ,near Curwensville, have the same well under way.

Hugh McKendrick, of Clearfield, was in town last night.

Harold Smith was in Clearfield this morning.

Paul Gardlock left this morning for Grass Flat where he has secured a position.

OUR DAILY BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Brig. Gen. Sir Philip Chetwode, the first British officer to be mentioned for distinguished service in the present war, born 46 years ago today.

Charles Hawtrey, distinguished actor-manager, best known for his success in "A Message From Mars," born at Eton, England, 57 years ago today.

H. G. Wells, England's famous novelist whose stories forecasted many of the developments of the present war, born at Bromley, Kent, 49 years ago today.

Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, born at Hollidaysburg, Pa., 60 years ago today.

Henry L. Stimson, secretary of war in the Taft cabinet born in New York 48 years ago today.

Charles J. Faulkner, former United States senator from West Virginia, born at Martinsburg, W. Va., 68 years ago today.

Clark Howell, well known Atlanta newspaper editor, born in Barnwell County, S. C., 52 years ago today.

James S. Davenport, representative in congress of the First Oklahoma district, born near Gaylesville, Ala., 51 years ago today.

Dr. Lyman P. Powell, president of Hobart College, born at Farmington, Del., 49 yaers ago today.

George F. Burgess, representative in congress of the Ninth Texas district, born in Wharton County, Texas, 54 years ago today.

FAST HORSES IN MATCH RACE.

Allentown, Sept. 21.—The half-mile track at the local fair grounds is to be the scene tomorrow of what promises to be one of the most sensational harness event of the year. The event will bring together the fast pacers, Directum I, and Peter Stevens, in a match race, two out of three heats, for a purse of $5,000, winner to take all. Directum I has a mark of 2:02 on a half-mile track, while Peter Stevens' figures for the twice-around circuit are 2:04. Tommy Murphy will be Directum's driver and Ray Snedecker will pilot Peter Stevens.

BRITAIN ADMITS LIVE CATTLE.

London, Sept. 21.—Live cattle intended for slaughter at the port of landing were admitted to England today for the first time in five years. This was the consequence of the recent abrogation of the prohibitory order issued by the Board of Trade in 1910. A considerable reduction in the cost of beef is expected to follow the new departure.

CLASSIFIED ADS

First insertion 25c—Each additional insertion 15c—for 25 words or less. Each additional word 1c per word per insertion.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

WANTED—A bookkeeper and competent stenographer wanst a position with some reliable firm. Can furnish good references. Address all communications to Box 176 Winburne, Pa.

WANTED—Nursing to do by day or by the week. Inquire 218 Turnpike Ave. Aug. 16 tf.

WANTED—Position in office or as clerk by young man 17 years old. Have completed three year high school course. Address "Position," care of Progress office . tf.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Apprentice girls in millinery department at A. W. Leonardson's. A 31-tf.

WANTED—High class man to sell trees, shrubs, roses, vines, berry bushes, bulbs, etc. Good wages; permanent; exclusive territory. Brown Brothers Nurseries, Rochester, New York.

ROOMERS WANTED — Rooms well furnished, steam heat, electric light, good bath; for rent. Apply 208 Nichols Street. 8-20-6t

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Apply 406 South Second street.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good piano at reasonable price. Must sell quick. Call H. & C. 323 or 912 Linden street. 9-10-6t

FOR SALE—Two 1913 model Ford cars. Apply by letter to "Ford" care Progress. S 13 3t.

FOUND—A child's white sweater. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

LOST—Dark velvet pocket book, between Sugar Bowl and Market street bridge. If found please return to Progress office. Sept. 21, 1t.

DOG MAKES EXCELLENT SPY.

(By United Press)

London, Sept. 7.—(By Mail.)—How an apparently innocent shaggy coated dog proved to be a German spy, was told today by wounded Canadian soldiers arriving from the front in Northern France.

Near the firing line there stood a coffee house inhabited by five persons inculding a little boy. On their way to the trenches the soldiers often stopped for refreshments, the occupants of the coffee house thus having excellent opportunity to collect valuable information regarding the troops in the neighborhood. Singularly the Canadians observed that their every move was known to the Germans in the opposite trenches. In one instance a regiment of Canadian troops moved unexpectedly to relieve a regiment of Scottish Camerons. Even the Scottish officers were unaware of the coming of the Canadians. No sooner, however, than the Canadians had taken their posts the Germans shouted across to them:

"Hell, Canadians, come out and fight."

The coffee house was immediately suspected. It was the only place to suspect. A raid found nothing. Later, however, a Canadian soldier loitering in the neighborhood of the coffee house heard conversation in German. He quickly informed some comrades and a second raid was made. Like the first it availed nothing. Finally one of the soldiers resorted to bluff. The little boy then gave up the secret. The dog had been conveying messages to the German line. The Canadians had often seen the animal wandering about the trenches and had often patted it. An investigation proved that the animal wore a false coat of shaggy hair. Under this the messages were placed by the spies in the coffee house and the dog trotted calmly off to the German trenches, where he always found rest and food with the Germans.

The spies were arrested. Their fate has not been told.

SEED WHEAT

Smooth, red seed wheat for sale at Stone House farm. Good variety, yield per acre 32 bushels. James Mitchell, Clearfield, Pa.

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